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Love for Battle-Torn Peoples

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Love for the Battle-Torn Peoples

Sermon - Studies

by

Jenkin Lloyd Jones, L L. D.

for the

Reinforcement of Faith

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But this s sure:—The future shall not be to the nation or race of most material power;
But the future shall finally be to the nation or race of most potential spiritual power.

—Lincoln Colcord

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To

All those who believe that the Golden Rule is workable between Nations as between individuals and that Good Will among men will bring Peace on Earth.

THANKS are due to Mrs. Annie Laurie Kelly and Miss May Johnson, who first caught these extemporaneous addresses with their stenographic pencils; to Miss Evelyn H. Walker, who carefully helped them through the press; to Percy Mackaye, Helen Gray Cone, Thomas Augustine Daly, Sara Teasdale, Robert Haven Schauffler, and their publishers, whose names appear in credit at end of the poems, for the privilege of using copyrighted poems; to UNITY, in whose pages these addresses first appeared, and the many friends, too numerous to mention, who said, "Do it!"

J. Ll. J.

Tower Hill, Wis., August 9, 1916

INTRODUCTION

I DO not know when I have read a more interesting collection of chapters than these in Dr. Jones' book, "Love for the Battle-torn Peoples." They are true, and truth is always interesting. Half-truths are dull, and most writing is only half-truths. It is only the prophet who speaks the whole truth, and Dr. Jones is one of the prophets. No outworn shibboleths for him; no reposing in medieval formulas of thought; no clinging to customs simply because they are ancient; no allegiance to a thought because the mob holds it; no meeting of twentieth century problems with outgrown weapons. There is nothing of these things here. There is only thought that transcends conventions; love that spreads far beyond national boundaries; vision that appreciates the great human-divine soul of man in every land; patriotism that claims the foreigner as a brother to be loved rather than the enemy to be killed.

Dr. Jones finds something to be loved in the people of every land. He is perfectly right in his judgment. The people of Europe had nothing to do with bringing on this war. The Germans did not hate Englishmen and Frenchmen. It was a handful of so-called statesmen who did it all, and it is only a few statesmen, editors and generals who hate other nations and egg their peoples into war. The path to peace lies through the hearts and minds of the people. These men who are now killing one another in the trenches, put them all together, dress them as civilians, get the officials out of the way and they would have as happy a time as children at a Sunday School picnic. Peoples are already much the same, and *brothers;* governments emphasize differences, fan false patriotism, shout national ambitions, and are *enemies* of one another.

I do not recall any other book which brings out so strikingly the finest characteristics of each nation as does this. Here we see the real German, the real Russian, the real Frenchman, and so on, and they are all lovable and have high qualities. Would that such a book as this could be put into the hands of our school children. It would not only make for their good-will toward the peoples of other lands but would vastly increase their appreciation of the neighbor who lives next door.

Frederick Lynch, D. D.

New York City,
August 1, 1916.

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A PRAYER OF THE PEOPLES

God of us who kill our kind!
Master of this blood-tracked Mind
Which from the Wolf and Caliban
Staggers towards the star of Man—
Now, on Thy cathedral stair,
God, we cry to Thee in prayer!

Where our stifled anguish bleeds
Strangling through Thine organ reeds,
Where our voiceless songs suspire
From the corpses in Thy choir—
Through Thy charred and shattered nave,
God, we cry on Thee to save!

Save us from our tribal gods!
From the racial powers, whose rods—
Wreathed with stinging serpents—stir
Odin and old Jupiter
From their ancient hells of hate
To invade Thy dawning state.

Save us from their curse of kings!
Free our souls imaginings
From the feudal dreams of war;
Yea, God, let us nevermore
Make, with slaves' idolatry,
Kaiser, king or czar of *Thee!*

We who, craven in our prayer,
Would lay off on Thee our care—
Lay instead on us Thy load;
On our minds Thy spirit's goad,
On our laggard wills Thy whips
And Thy passion on our lips!

Fill us with the reasoned faith
That the prophet lies, who saith
All this web of destiny,
Torn and tangled, cannot be
Newly wove and redesigned
By the Godward human mind.

Teach us, so, no more to call
Guidance supernatural
To our help, but heart and will—
Know ourselves responsible
For our world of wasted good
And our blinded brotherhood.

Lord, our God! to whom, from clay,
Blood and mire, Thy peoples pray—
Not from Thy cathedral's stair
Thou hearest:—Thou criest *through* our prayer
For our prayer is but the gate:
We, who pray, ourselves are fate.

Percy Mackaye

From "The Present Hour." The Macmillan Company.

I.

The Lamb and the Lion

Without allowing ourselves to become entangled in the technical interpretation of the vastly complicated and mystical Book of Revelation, which has been the hunting-ground of the fanatic, the home of the dogmatist, the charm of the poet through all the centuries of Christianity, we will let the Lion stand as the symbol of force and the Lamb as the symbol of love. Let the Lion represent the power that has ever gathered around the wielders of the sword, the devotees of war. Let the Lamb stand for the power of kindness, reason and love.

The method of the Lion throughout history has been progress through opposition and hate; the methods of the Lamb throughout history have been those of gentleness, persuasiveness and patience.

I admit at the outset that at short range the Lion seems to occupy the foreground. In the short meter of history the destiny of individuals and of nations seems to be in the hands of those who wield the sword. The Lamb seems helpless in the presence of the Lion. The sneer and the sarcasm of the philosopher of force are justified; the Lamb finds his peace inside of the Lion after it is too late to cry. He has already been victimized. And still, after making these concessions and refusing to enter into the arena of the disputant, I claim that whenever history is measured by the long lines of the centuries,, Fate, Providence,—call it what you will,—ordains that the Lamb and not the Lion

shall prevail. Time justifies the lover. Time rebukes the hater. Time vindicates gentleness and obliterates violence. The man with the sword occupies the front of the stage, but the man of thought, of wit, of love, dimly seen in the background, holds the permanent place.

I wish to say a word of introduction to this series of studies of the lovable things in history, to the end that we may ever love the great aggregations of human nature which take upon themselves national characteristics and efficiencies.

In the first place, biology goes to show that the Lamb, and not the Lion, is the end and aim of life on the globe. It is away down on the lower limbs of the biological tree that we come upon the terrible armored reptiles with their plated protection, horrible claws, fangs, tusks and horns, but with small brains and poorly developed nervous systems and hearts that are spread all along their anatomy. These animals are mostly extinct; their remains are preserved only in the pre-Adamic strata of geology. The armored reptiles, whose protection was brawn and not brain, are gone or going. Of the armored animals there now remain only the poor, sluggish, helpless crocodile, the alligator, the rhinoceros, and some other nearly extinct species crawling in the burning sands of tropic wastes. The wolf is being eliminated or transformed into the loving and loyal dog. The leopard is vanishing, being preserved only as the pet of children in the disarmed cat.

Botany points the same way. The spined cactus, the formidable sand-burr, the aggressive thistle and the inadequate prickly ash are only the pioneers; the

brier and the brush of the jungle prepare the way for the green grass and the gracious trees. Nature is on the way to the plum and the apple-tree, and when man, with brains, comes in, her progress becomes phenomenally rapid.

The same principle is borne out and justified in the individual experience of human life. Now we know that the unarmed man is the safer man. The armed man carries about with him added danger. The pistol in the hip pocket is a menace to the individual. Statistics show that it generally goes off at the wrong place and the wrong time and hits the wrong man; and, what is worse, it starts the other pistol, which also goes off at the wrong place and the wrong time and hits the wrong man.

The truest husband, the kindest father, the noblest citizen, by universal consent, is he who is armored with kindness, whose weapons are those of gentleness, whose protections are the protections of grace.

The same is true of nations. The old militant powers strode through the centuries only to write with their own hands their eternal doom. They bargained for everlasting forgetfulness. The martial spirits of the ages, to continue my figure, have occupied the front of the stage, but in the long perspective of history they occupy unmarked graves, buried deep under the sand heaps of the Oriental world.

And what is true of nations is true of religions. The religions of hate, of selfishness, of favoritism, have for a time held in leash untold millions; but Moloch, and Thor, and Mars, and all the other selfish

gods that call forth the hate and prejudices of their devotees, are doomed.

One of Max Müllers's unique contributions to the study of religion is that noble essay in which he shows that only the missionary religions survive and that the world is destined to come under the sway of the few great religions that have acquired a passion for humanity, that have learned the inspirations of service. History, not the fanaticism of the pacifists, establishes the fact that it was the gentle Buddha who not only made Asia mild but saved Asia from herself. And he who triumphed on Calvary with the supreme testimony of Love,—"Father, forgive them for they know not what they do,"—is a conquering power in the world today. His message of love and tenderness, his patience with the weak, opened up Europe to civilization, and, slowly but surely, is conquering the exhausted and waste lands in Asia and Africa.

We have come to the time when this argument is almost admitted, as far as individuals are concerned. Among individuals we profess, if we do not practice, the principle that love is stronger than hate, that wit outweighs brawn, that reason and not violence is the final arbitrator of all quarrels.

But when we come to the problem of nations, with the intruding superstitions of commercialism, patriotism and misdirected journalism confusing our judgment, we find Archbishops marching in militant uniforms and those who profess to be messengers and advocates of the Prince of Peace praying to the God of love on Sunday and making ammunition in the basement rooms of their houses the rest of the week.

We are told that the doctrine of love and peace is all very well for the individual, and that in some far-off Utopian day it will do for nations, but that now we must not jeopardize the gospel of the Lamb by neglecting the potency of the Lion. This clamor for more armament, for greater "national defense," represents an unmeasured and unmitigated cowardice. Great is the cowardice of the commercial world. Business is timid. The logic of barbarism still largely dominates the realm of trade. This distrust of love and peace is weakening the aspirations of many so-called educated men, advocates of civilization. They turn aside from the plea of the Lamb as expressed in the cry of the suffering and in the promises of the prophets, and spend their vacations in training themselves in the art of destruction. Under the debilitating discipline of the camp, science reaches its maximum in its death-dealing efficiencies and deadly ingenuities while the grip of the soul on spiritual realities is slackened.

We glorify martyrs. We celebrate and perpetuate the story of individuals who for righteousness' sake have faced death, who have chanted their own requiem on their way to the gibbet and the pyre, who have sung amid flames and died crowned with the aureole of the triumphant spirit.

May there not be need of a martyr nation? May there not be a place for a patriotism so fine that a nation will say, "Let us die for the truth represented by the Lamb rather than live on the levels of the Lion?"

I will not be stampeded from my faith in the potency and adequacy of love by any scare-stories of

obliterated nations or of countries devastated by the hard hands of imperial powers. Let us, if grace is granted us, die as a nation on the high ground of peace rather than contribute to the length of our life by the methods of violence and the logic of expediency. The world has always needed individual witnesses to truth at their own cost. What the world now needs vastly more is national witnesses to truth at their own cost. It is for our nation, segregated by the wide oceans, relieved from the baleful manipulations of crowns and swords, in large measure freed from the awful handicaps of aristocracy, class, and boasted "nobility" of birth,—the latest born of all great nations, for which all modern nations have been creamed to make its democracy possible,—to heed the call of the Lamb, though, if need be, it leads to our death.

Oh, I know the sneer about the "sissy-man," the "mollycoddle," the "old women in trousers," the "peace-at-any-price men." I accept the sneer, and am not intimidated by the ridicule. "Peace at any price?" Yes! Virtue at any price! Honesty at any price! Truth at any price! Now, as in the past, for nations as for individuals, there is no death to virtue. The virtues survive by a law of the universe.

See William Penn crossing the seas, leaving behind him all the trained habits and the skilled instruments of war, going to the wild man of the woods unarmed, scoring a triumph too little appreciated, writing a chapter in the progress of the race too little interpreted in our schools.

See Roger Williams, cast out by the dogmatic Puritans, turned adrift in midwinter amid the inhos-

pitable snows of unsettled Massachusetts, armed only with love, skilled only in the instruments of mind, rescuing the people that cast him out, protecting them from the armed force of the wild men. Unarmed and unprotected, he goes out alone to meet these wild, mad men lusting for blood, ready with bludgeons and knives, eager for scalps. But when they find that it is "Brother Williams," their indignation changes to joy and their hate is converted into love. Such are some of the unappreciated triumphs in our own history.

Emerson closes his beautiful essay on "Courage" with a ballad written by some unknown woman in the West, based on experiences for the truth of which our philosopher vouches. It tells of the triumph of George Nidiver, who, with an Indian boy, found himself in one of the wild canyons of the Rockies pursued by two fierce grizzly bears, one of them scenting the boy, the other the man. Nidiver, the hunter, with but one bullet in his rifle, felled the boy's pursuer, and then, dropping his useless rifle, turned and faced the fierce beast of the Rockies and waited. Soon the courage of the grizzly lessened, he slackened his pace, then turned away and sneaked back to the jungle. Nidiver conquered that wild beast through a courage that we know not how to name and that we ourselves dare not practice.

Call the roll of the dead nations. Find one that has died from gentleness, that has been killed because it believed too much and trusted too much in the power of the gospel of love. It is easy to find those that have been overcome by their own might, that have perished from too much faith in brawn and too little

in brain. One of the subtle charms of history is that it shows how nations have survived their defeats and outlived their conquerors.

Call the roll of the submerged nations of history. Let the stories of Hungary, Bohemia, Poland, Finland, Ireland, Wales and Scotland be told to show how absolutely invincible their conquerors were in arms, but in the test how they accomplished their own defeat. But that is another story.

Let me try to keep my theme. Browning wrote of the "Threatening Tyrant" who was maddened by the stubborn indifference of a "human mite" in his dominion. The "mite" could not be scared. He would not be intimidated. The tyrant tried to crush him by personal insult, by cruelty. When at the last he had exhausted his ingenuity in trying to suppress, defeat or humiliate that proud spirit, the power that overrules tyrants, discounts conquerors and dethrones kings became manifest. The "mite" stood up and prayed. And the tyrant saw a mighty arm thrown athwart the blue sky protecting his subject, and it was the tyrant and not the subject that was afraid. This poem of Browning's is vindicated in the history of the world.

It is a sad reflection upon the jurisprudence of the nations that the one word which expresses the administration of justice by law and order has become a word of disrepute. It is almost a reproach to call a man a "diplomat" or to speak of "diplomacy." It is an implication of cowardice when we say that a man resorts to "diplomacy." But diplomacy is the coming word in international affairs. More and more the world is being governed by the diplomat and not

by the soldier. Diplomacy is still in its swaddling clothes. The ultimate appeal is to be made not to the sword, but to reason and judgment.

I found the other day an interesting sidelight on Lincoln brought out in one of the recent books, showing how that great prophet heart, by following the lead of his gentle nature, perhaps averted one more horrible conflict for our nation, already sadly entangled in civil war. Some of us are old enough to remember our respect for the efficiency of William H. Seward, Lincoln's Secretary of State, whose very appointment was a triumph of diplomacy in the United States. Seward was Lincoln's greatest rival. He accepted the cabinet position with pity, if not contempt, for his chief, expecting that much of the executive work would fall upon his shoulders through the incapacity of the man from Illinois. In one of the many delicate crises between the United States and England, William H. Seward wrote a bristling reply to an English document. It was charged with what some of the President's successors still call "Honor." Fortunately, the state document had to pass under the inspection of the President. The following are some of the erasures, emendations and omissions of President Lincoln to the belligerent manifesto of the Secretary of State. Where Seward spoke of an act as "*wrongful,*" Lincoln substituted the word "hurtful." Where Seward said, *"No one of these proceedings will be borne by the United States,"* Lincoln said, *"No one of these proceedings will pass unquestioned."* Where Seward said, *"When this act of intervention is distinctly performed, we from that hour shall cease to be friends and become*

once more, as we have twice been before, forced to be enemies of Great Britain." And the great President scratched this bellicose sentence out entirely. Where Seward spoke of a *"crime,"* Lincoln amended it by the word "error." These slight but significant changes, according to the judgment of the competent, saved the United States from a war with England, and, what is infinitely more and better, vindicated the higher method, rebuked the lower standards of "national honor" and "courtesy." Today we wait for the courage and wisdom of the diplomat that shall develop international courtesies, international appeals to justice, to reason and to love, and an international enforcement of these rulings.

O but this terrible alarm on the part of our brave business men and valiant politicians lest some morning we shall wake up and find the Japanese swarming on our western shore and German battleships in possession of New York harbor! They remind me of a pleasant story told of Lincoln when a lot of timid merchants called upon him and demanded better protection for New York. The tired President, after reflection, said, "Well, gentlemen, if I had as much money as you are reported to have, and if I was as badly scared as you seem to be, I think I would go back and build a few battleships on my own hook, which you are free to do."

Tolstoy's great hope was that individual men, the citizens of his country, would become so devoted to the good of their country, so civilized,—should I say "Christianized"?—that they would refuse to lend themselves to any crowned heads for the destruction

of the innocent. This was the great triumph of the Dukhobors, whom Tolstoy befriended.

Ruskin discovered that the reason for respect for the soldier was not that he was a man of war and armed for destruction, but that, back of his arms, there was a man who was willing, if need be, to die for a cause, and it was Ruskin's high demand that our merchants and our bankers and our preachers should, like the soldier, be willing to give their lives for a principle. There is no more emphatic demand in the decalogue of Moses or in the higher decalogue of Nature than that which says, "Thou shalt not kill!" Murder is murder, under whatever guise, and no illusions of war will make it otherwise. There are two ways in which a law may be observed. When I am summoned to kill, I can refuse, and accept the penalty for disobedience. Hundreds of sheriffs in the United States have resigned their offices rather than lend themselves to the brutality of hanging a man. When men are sufficiently devoted to principle that they will consent to be shot rather than consent to shoot, the triumph of the Lamb will begin to be realized.

Notwithstanding all the clamor and spite of the awful manifestations of today, the trend of history has been away from war to the methods of peace. Alfred's great triumph was that he united the seven quarreling tribes in Southern England into one heptarchy. *United* Italy is a great triumph of modern civilization. There is a *United* Germany. The *Greater* Britain is beginning to recognize that the bonds which bind it to its far-off dependencies are not the rotten chains of power, but the golden links of

love, a common intelligence, a common language and a common humanity. The *United* States of America was woven out of once suspicious and belligerent States. The *United States of Europe* is well started, and the organized world is surely coming.

While recently carrying the message of peace into Pennsylvania, I spent one bright, sunny day, with many other visitors, in riding over the battlefields of Gettysburg. The place which attracted the most attention, the only place where I wanted to dismount from the automobile and stand upon the ground, was at Spangler's Spring, now protected by noble masonry. In the awful night after the second day's battle, while the great captains on both sides were consulting how best to carry on the deadly business the next day, both Union and Confederate soldiers dragged dying men here for a drink, the mangled on both sides came here to wash away the clotted blood. Not far away I found the clematis in full bloom covering the "Devil's Angle," which fifty years ago was drenched in human blood.

Verheeren, the poet laureate of Belgium, in his book entitled "Belgium's Agony," says:

You may say "to hate is unchristian and wrong." I agree with you. But must we not add that "to hate is necessary?" There must be hatred in battle. The fighter who does not hate will fight feebly and be beaten.

This, too, is the testimony of Ernst Lissauer, the German poet who has won such unenviable renown for his "Chant of Hate," which, we are told, is only a new interpretation of an old "Chant of Hate" against Austria.

You will we hate with a lasting hate,
We will never forego our hate,
Hate by water and hate by land,
Hate of the head and hate of the hand,
Hate of the hammer and hate of the crown,
Hate of seventy millions, choking down.
We love as one, we hate as one,
We have one foe and one alone—
England.

This is war at long range.

Against this we have the testimony of that sensitive man in the trenches, Fritz Kreisler, the accomplished violinist of Austria, who in four weeks passed from the proud recruit to the broken invalid officer. He says:

It was there and then that I made a curious observation. After the second day we had almost grown to know each other. The Russians would laughingly call over to us, and the Austrians would answer. The salient feature of these three days' fighting was the extraordinary lack of hatred. In fact, it is astonishing how little actual hatred exists between fighting men. One fights fiercely and passionately, mass against mass, but as soon as the mass crystallizes itself into human individuals whose features one actually can recognize, hatred almost ceases. Of course, fighting continues, but somehow it loses its fierceness and takes more the form of a sport, each side being eager to get the best of the other. One still shoots at his opponent, but almost regrets when he sees him drop.

The Lion claims the grim exterior, but the Lamb's plea reaches the heart even of belligerent men.

Civilization began when the hunter became a herder. It advanced when the herder gave way to the plowman, the farmer, and again when the farmer

became a gardener, a florist. According to the statistics of the world there are now seven hundred thousand ministers of the Christian religion, would-be interpreters of the Lamb that was sacrificed for the redemption of the world, whose "blood washes clean" the guilty, according to the theological figure. We are waiting for these ministers to help not the "Prince," but the "peasant" of peace, to bring the doctrine of the Fatherhood of God down to the brotherhood of man, a doctrine which will ripen into peace.

Much ingenuity has been expended in trying to find what the "seven seals" were that bound the book of destiny in the Revelation poem. For present purposes let us fancy that the seals stand for the seven great problems of our day,—the temperance question, labor reform, the emancipation of woman, the social evil, the escape from sectarianism in religion and from partisanship in politics, and, most serious of all, the question of international peace. All these seals are to be broken, not by violence but by love, not by force but by wit, and already enough has been accomplished by the gentle power of reason to justify the promise of the Revelator.

To recapitulate: The Lamb represents the love forces of life, the Lion the brute forces. One leads by innocence, the other by prowess. In the short range interpretation the Lion has his way. In the long range of history the Lamb assumes leadership. On the lower limbs of the biological tree, the fiercer brutes, the armored, horned, clawed and fanged creatures have been waging a losing battle in the world. They are well-nigh extinct. The lion

and the tiger are at home only in the far-away jungles of Africa and other out-of-the-way corners of the world not yet ruled by the wit of unarmed life. In the botanical world the briers are giving way to the vine and the thorns are being supplanted by the fig-tree.

In the history of human life the conquests of the battlefield are short-lived. The triumphs of the militant are fleeting. The great "Powers" of antiquity, armed to the teeth, equipped for war and reeking in blood, are buried beneath the dust of oblivion. China, the pacific nation, has outlived all the "Powers" that were rampant in its youth, four thousand years ago. It is the conquered Greece, the humiliated Judea, the dismantled Jerusalem, that still dominate the culture of the world.

Armament is a confession of weakness, a challenge to contest on brute lines. The unarmored man is invincible. For nineteen hundred years Peter has flourished his sword at the Gethsemane crises of history, but he who said "Put up thy sword!" won a lasting triumph on Calvary. The world is witnessing at the present time an unanswerable demonstration of the impotency of the Lion, and it anxiously awaits one more triumph of the Lamb. The attempt to settle disputes, to advance the well-being of nations by the use of Lion weapons is once more caught in a frantic imbecility, almost a world-wide insanity. We rightly speak of Europe as "mad." Its sanity will return only when reason is born again out of love, symbolized by the unarmed but persistent Lamb.

The Lamb is destined to conquer the world. It is

to confute the man of the sword with gentleness. Those who would contribute to the defense of this nation will do well to abandon the field of Mars and pay reverence instead to Athena, the goddess of Wisdom, for her children are Philosophy, Science, Art, and, above all, Religion, whose conquering word is justice, whose kingdom includes all humanity, and whose countersign, in the darkest night of war and hatred, is "BROTHERHOOD!"

A CHANT OF LOVE FOR ENGLAND.

A song of hate is a song of Hell;
Some there be that sing it well;
Let them sing it loud and long,
We lift our hearts in a loftier song:
We lift our hearts to Heaven above,
Singing the glory of her we love,—
ENGLAND!

Glory of thought and glory of deed,
Glory of Hampden and Runnymede;
Glory of ships that sought far goals,
Glory of swords and glory of souls!
Glory of songs mounting as birds,
Glory immortal of magical words;
Glory of Milton, glory of Nelson,
Tragical glory of Gordon and Scott;
Glory of Shelley, glory of Sidney,
Glory transcendent that perishes not,—
Hers is the story, hers be the glory,
ENGLAND!

Shatter her beauteous breast ye may;
The Spirit of England none can slay!
Dash the bomb on the dome of Paul's,—
Deem ye the fame of the Admiral falls?
Pry the stone from the chancel floor,—
Dream ye that Shakespeare shall live no more?
Where is the giant shot that kills
Wordsworth walking the old green hills?
Trample the red rose on the ground,—
Keats is beauty while earth spins round!
Bind her, grind her, burn her with fire,
Cast her ashes into the sea,—
She shall escape, she shall aspire,
She shall arise to make men free;
She shall arise in sacred scorn,
Lighting the lives that are yet unborn;
Spirit supernal, Splendor eternal,
ENGLAND!

—Helen Gray Cone.

From "A Chant of Love for England and Other Poems."
E. P. Dutton & Co.

II.

Why Love England

Why do I love England? Because it contains Stonehenge, the great and mystic witness of a lost religion and a forgotten age. The papers recently announced the quite un-English event, the selling of Stonehenge for $35,000. But Stonehenge cannot be sold. No title deed can be issued by mortal man or registered in human court that will make Stonehenge anything other than a symbol of that rich inheritance of England, the poetic, marvelous tide of life that has poured its vigor into the veins of the modern Englishman from pre-Christian times. Stonehenge, with its attendant "Druid circles," "rocking stones," "cromlechs" and "meinhir," and all its other relics of the pre-English world, hint at the rich sub-soil out of which England has grown. It tells of a marvelous people that, in the fulness of time, grew into a nation with noble national aspirations.

I love England because it was the home of King Arthur, almost the only royalty in English history worthy of our reverence and growing respect. His existence is questioned, but King Arthur as the ideal of the Round Table Knights was the fore-runner of English democracy. He represents the marvelous blend of Druidism and Christianity that furnished, as Leigh Hunt says, a third of chivalry. The stories of King Arthur and his Knights,—the quest of Sir Galahad and the Knights of the Round Table,—are of such benignant nature that they incited through-

out Europe a love for home traditions and an enthusiasm for the national tongue that made our modern literature possible. These stories not only lie back of English lore and poetry, but on them are deeply founded French, German and Scandinavian traditions. I love England because it was the home of Arthur and the seat of Druidic life and love.

I love England because it was the cradle of freedom. There the struggles with kings and artificial nobility began early. Its history contains the story of the *Magna Charta, the Habeas Corpus Act,* of trial by jury, and the brave deeds connected therewith. England represents the defiance and leadership of Cromwell. It was England that went away from home with Pastor Robinson, who at Leyden spoke the prophetic word sending English men and English women across the seas charged with the commission to seek deeper into the sanctities of Holy Writ. For there was more to break out of the pages of their scriptures than had yet been discovered. New revelations were still to be expected.

I love England for the Roger Williams it cast out and whom its Puritans would have naught of, but who went forth to Rhode Island to lay the foundations of the first historic commonwealth ever technically and literally committed to religious freedom.

I love England for the nobility of its non-nobles and its struggle to elevate the toiler, the England that, when its titled nobles, its masters of legislation, its cabinet officers, weakened in the presence of the calamitous financial problem which the Civil War in the United States visited upon them, found unnumbered thousands of cotton-spinners in Manches-

ter and Birmingham and elsewhere who said: "We will starve if by starving we can make common cause with those who seek the freedom of any human brother, however dark his skin." I love England for the cotton-spinners who remained loyal when even her great premier Gladstone failed us, as he realized and confessed later, saying, "With incredible grossness I threw my sympathy on the wrong side."

I love the England of Sir Thomas More, who, in his "Utopia," anticipated not only all the dream commonwealths that have enriched our literature since, but most of the achievements of our so-called republics, and who in that book still offers us, in our boasted free country, an unrealized program to strive after for another century.

I love the England of John Ball, who, away back in medieval times led the workingmen of England up to London to demand their rights. I love the England of John Ruskin, the favored child of culture, whose brain and nerves were attuned to an art so delicate that even the artists of today can scarcely understand, much less realize it. Yet in the midst of all his high art studies and inspirations he turned aside to pour the wealth of his trained mind and sensitive heart into the incomparable "Letters to English Working-Men." For eight long years these letters came, month by month, but he died with scarcely a response. Sadly he said, "None of you have written me." I love England for the great Carlyle, who broke through sham and pretense, borrowed the thinking of his great colleagues on the continent, the great broad leaders of thought in Germany, and

made himself prophet not only of England and of Germany, but of his age and the world.

I love England for the upward striving of its laboring men, lately called to mourn the death of their leader, James Kier Hardie. I love England for its great peace-maker, Wilberforce, the father of the emancipators of modern times, who succeeded in striking the shackles from English slaves without firing a gun, securing an emancipation which the United States had to buy with half a million lives and four years of fratricidal war.

I love England for George Fox, William Penn and John Bright, men who anticipated all our noisy peace societies and peace workers and struck deeper than most of our would-be peace agitators dare go today. They formulated for us in fulness the ultimate gospel of international disarmament, based not on economics or diplomatic considerations, but on the development of the human soul to the point where it will not consent to destroy the life it cannot restore. Thomas Carlyle said that the greatest event of modern history was not the battle of Waterloo, Peterloo, or Austerlitz, but that which took place when the cobbler, George Fox, stitched for himself a perennial suit of leather and then, leaving the shoemaker's bench, went out into the world to preach the emancipation of the soul from outward form or loyalty to external scripture and pledged unqualified loyalty to the inner spirit. Our own historians skip lightly over the greatest triumph in American history, the greatest political innovation in the history of governments. This was achieved by William Penn, the Quaker, who met the dreaded representatives of what we call

"savage" people without sword or gun and entered into a pact of peace that lasted to the end, making Pennsylvania the one realm which the red man turned over into the custody of his successor, the white man, without violence or bitterness. I love England because it gave to the world George Fox, William Penn and John Bright, whose vision to the end was unclouded by national conceits, unrimmed by island boundaries.

I love England again for her great philanthropists, of whom I need name but two. These two did more to revolutionize the thought of governments and the functions of public officers on philanthropic lines than any other two of their time. John Howard transformed the prison-pens of Europe, where unfortunate men and defective women were chained to rings in their cells like cattle in a stall. He saw the potency of tenderness, the wisdom of kindliness. He has been in his grave many a year, but his work is still going on. Florence Nightingale, the sensitive, tender child, not only of culture but of luxury, dared to go to the gruesome and wicked battlefields of the Crimea, where trained physicians with blanched faces hesitated, thereby not only saving lives but laying the foundations of the most daring and benignant institutions of modern times. Whatever the trained nurse is now, whatever she has accomplished and is doing, is traceable directly to this little sensitive daughter of England. I love England because it was the home of John Howard and Florence Nightingale. And they were not unique or exceptional, but typical children of England.

Then I love England for her great heretics, for her

thinkers and her philosophers. I love her for Francis and Roger Bacon, Isaac Newton, Charles Darwin, Huxley and Tyndall. I love her because she sent her bold son, Thomas Paine, over the water to enlarge the courage of England and the world with his matchless contributions of "The Crisis," "Common-sense," "The Rights of Man" and "The Age of Reason."

I love England for her martyrs,—Cranmer, who offered to the flames his right hand that it might first expiate the cowardice which it once exhibited in signing a retraction, and Latimer, who said to Ridley, on their way to the fire that burned them in the Oxford ditch, "Be of good cheer, Master Ridley, for we shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, in England as I trust shall never be put out." I love England for the successors of these brave martyrs, the Unitarian heroes who were bereft of their rights and risked their lives for conscience's sake. Joseph Priestley, scientist that he was, stood in the pulpit and declared a gospel big enough to include his laboratories and recognize as texts in the Bible of the Eternal the discoveries of lenses and solvents. When the lower England, the passing England, burned his library and home, he escaped to America to the wild woods of Northumberland County, Pennsylvania, and there laid the foundation of a religious organization that was big enough and bold enough to keep abreast of science. The first Unitarian society in America was organized by this great Englishman whom I love. I like to think of the splendid succession,—Joseph Priestley, Bishop Colenso, Dean Stanley, Charles Kingsley and the Arnolds, father and son, all of them enemies of

dogmatism, prophets of the open faith, advocates of the gospel of love.

I love England for its great art treasures, its mighty cathedrals, glorious even in their ruin,—York and Salisbury, Westminster and Canterbury, Tintern, Furness, and the greatest and sweetest of them all, Glastonbury, with its magic thorn-bush, planted, tradition has it, by Joseph of Arimathaea, which blooms out of season at Christmas time. We may not find the blossom of the Glastonbury thorn at Christmas as related by the fable, but Glastonbury Cathedral contains, according to the fable, the remains of the great Arthur, upon whose tomb was engraved in stately Latin, or as the bards say in classic Welch, "Here lies Arthur, King that was and King that is to be." The King that was may be a matter of doubt, but the King that is to be, the Arthur of democracy and beauty, the Arthur of Glastonbury fame and fable, is surely coming to his coronation. I love England for this great promise.

If I knew more I could confess more intelligently the grounds of my love for England in her great artists of more modern date,—Turner, Watts, Burne-Jones, Sir Frederick Leighton, Millais, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and the rest of them,—but that is a story beyond my reach, though not beyond my cataloging.

I love England for the vast reaches it represents, from Darwin in his consecrated laboratories to Sir John Franklin lost in Arctic snows, and to that most heroic figure of our day, Captain Scott, writing, writing, writing, in his Antarctic frost-home, with fingers growing helpless from freezing, those records

that have been saved though the man was lost. Oh, I love that England.

I love England for its prophetic voices that have sung their faith in deathless measures. I love the little island because it was the home of the big Shakespeare and his high retinue, Milton, Shelley, Wordsworth, the Brownings, and Tennyson, and, parallel with these, her great novelists, Dickens and Thackeray, Kingsley, George Eliot, and, to name him out of time, the greatest of them all, perhaps, John Bunyan. These names represent the English of the England I love. None of them was misplaced. They came in the order of time and were the logical children of destiny.

Robert Browning said, "My father turned his back on a fortune because he could not endure slavery in the West Indies and accepted instead a humble clerkship in a London bank which he occupied to the end of his life." I love the England which gave birth to such a man.

It ought not to be a surprise in these days of patriotism to re-discover the words of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, in which she foretells the coming of an English statesman who will stand up and assert of some suggested policy:

"This is good for your trade; this is necessary for your domination; but it will vex a people hard up; it will hurt a people farther off; it will profit nothing to the general humanity; therefore away with it! It is not for you or for me." When a British Minister dares speak so, and when a British public applauds him speaking, then shall the nation be glorious, and her praise, instead of exploding from within, from loud civic mouths, come to her from without,

as all worthy praise must—from the alliances she has fostered, and the peoples she has saved.

I love the England that produced such a prophet soul, such a woman seer.

But still more I love the English people that represent the non-English England. No "island" is the home of Shakespeare. And although England dared call Milton back from his search for culture on his way to Athens, the home of his heart and brain, that he might become the foreign secretary of Cromwell, who was fighting for democracy, Milton is no island Englishman. He belongs to the non-English England that grew out of English soil.

There is a militant Anglo-India. I will not stop to speak of its iniquities. In the dark background stand Warren Hastings and Lord Clive, but the foreground is illumined by the great triumph of Sir William Jones, the scholar who was sent out there for the purpose of defending the right of English merchants against supposed heathen aggressiveness. His soul was big enough to discover, away out there in the borderland of humanity, away off there in Asia, the home of all the religions, a distinct, powerful literature and a profound philosophy. He bent the energies of his genius to bring to cultured Europe the astonishing surprise that over there was the mother of Greece and Rome, the grandmother of all our western languages. Now all scholars who know enough to know it, unite in praising the Sanskrit language. I love that non-English England that is represented by the republic of letters, by the triumph of science, by its world-encircling literature, by its world-inclusive humanity.

The England that I love is, at its noblest, ashamed of the passing boast that "Britannia rules the waves." It is rising into the higher patriotism that will sing, "Britannia rules the minds of the world!" It will set going the waves of love, the boundaries of which are the eternal boundaries of life, enclosing the love precincts of the All-Father-land.

I love England because I hate crowns—hate them with an eternal hatred, God helping me. I love the England that is slowly but surely retiring the landed baron and promoting the toiler, the man of the English cottage who keeps the wayside hedges trimmed and makes the by-ways of England radiant as a park and fragrant as a flower bed. I love the England that is superior to all its kings and queens. The less said about some of these the better. The noblest pages in the history of English royalty are those written about borrowed royalty,—William the Silent and Albert, Prince Consort. They are men to love, these are names to conjure by. The benignant, good-natured Victoria made her greatest contribution to English life when she imported and married Prince Albert.

I love England for the complexity of its blood, because, through ways that are dark and sometimes tricks that are vain, it has succeeded in blending one of the greatest race complexities to be found on the globe. Angles and Saxons, Jutes and Danes, the Norman and their later complications of Welsh, Irish, Scotch, Manx and Cornish; all of these various peoples have been poured into that caldron of destiny which we call England. Here they were stirred and stirred, not by the witches' ladle, but by the

divine wand that makes history progressive and keeps the human race still advancing, however it may be with individuals.

But more than all, I love England, not for its "glens and streams," though they have been immortalized in melodious verse, not for its "rocks and rills," which are celebrated in the patriotic songs of all countries, but for that conquering compound, the English language. This is the best measure of the England I love. Its spelling is frightful, its pronunciation is impossible, its articulation and emphasis are grating and harsh to the ear trained to more musical languages, but it is the inoculated soil of social schemes and dreams. The farmers are told that they can raise alfalfa in Wisconsin if they can only get the soil properly inoculated. They must transplant germs favorable to this desirable plant. The English language is planted rich with the germs of freedom, the microbes of fellowship, the bacteria of progress, and he who learns to read the language of Shakespeare and knows that "well of English undefiled" of the King James version of the Bible, is already on the way to free thought, broad views, splendid dreams.

In the sixth century, when Gregory, a young man touched with an ardent missionary passion, noticed in the market place of Rome some recently brought captives,— so the well-known story goes,— he was struck by the graciousness of the youths, their bright eyes and radiant faces. And he said to the slave keeper, "Who are these?" "They are prisoners of war." "Of what people are they?" "They belong to the Angles." "Right you are," said the missionary, "Such faces and forms should become angels.

From what country have they come?" "From Deira." "Right again," said the missionary, picking a Latin meaning out of the Saxon word. "They should be saved from the wrath of God. Whose subjects are they?" "Subjects of King Aleia," said the slave keeper. "Surely I must find them and give to them the gospel, that they may sing Alleluiah." This story of Gregory indicates the promise and potency of the England I love, which still offers material out of which to make angels. It still needs the message that will remove it from the day of wrath, and teach it to sing the Alleluiah of a brotherhood too large for English boundaries, but bargained for by the English inheritance in which I rejoice, of which I am part.

Oh, yes, "there is another side," but Fate has doomed the other records to oblivion and I will not interfere by putting off the forgetfulness one second by trying to recall them. Let the cruel wars, the degradation of kings, the tyranny of barons, the accursed conceit of battleships and guns find the forgetfulness which belongs to them while I sing of the England I love, in the lines of Helen Gray Cone:

> Shatter her beauteous breast ye may;
> The spirit of England none can slay!
>
> * * *
>
> Pry the stone from the chancel floor,—
> Dream ye that Shakespeare shall live no more?
> Where is the giant shot that kills
> Wordsworth walking the old green hills?
> Trample the red rose on the ground,—
> Keats is beauty while earth spins round!
> Bind her, grind her, burn her with fire,

Cast her ashes into the sea,—
She shall escape, she shall aspire,
She shall arise to make men free;
She shall arise in sacred scorn,
Lighting the lives that are yet unborn;
Spirit supernal, Splendor eternal,
ENGLAND!

THE REAL GERMANY

Bismarck—or rapt Beethoven with his dreams:
Ah, which was blind? Or which bespoke his race?—
That breed which nurtured Heine's haunting grace,
And Goethe, mastering Olympic themes
Of meditation, Mozart's golden gleams,
And Leibnitz charting realms of time and space,
Great-hearted Schiller, and that fairy brace
Of brothers who first trailed the goblin streams.

Bismarck for these builded an iron tomb,
And clanged the door, and turned a kaiser's key;
And simple folk, that once danced merrily
Their May-ring rites, march now in roaring gloom
Toward that renascent dawn when the black womb
Of buried guns gives birth to Germany.

—Percy Mackaye

From "The Present Hour." The Macmillan Company.

III.

Why Love Germany

Why do I love Germany? Because it has given to the world three great conquering names in modern civilization; names which will ever hold high sway over hearts that love their kind and minds that seek the truth,—Luther, Kant and Goethe,—each one of them a compelling name.

Martin Luther "belongs," as Doctor Hedge once wrote, "to the world." He gave a national intellectual life to Germany. "He was the voice of the nation."

Three or four pictures will suffice for an introduction to this greatest of modern emancipators of the human mind, who dedicated the soul to its own sanctities.

He was the son of a peasant, who won his way through school by singing on the streets. Luther was early touched into thoughtfulness and into seeking the consolations and inspirations of religion, but he grew sick with the formalities and superstitions which prevailed in the religious life about him. The kindly Father-Superior of the order which he had joined thought he needed a change and sent him to Rome. Thither he went gladly, hoping that the sight of the sacred city would cure him of his heart-sickness. When the "Eternal City" broke upon his eyes, he fell upon his knees, crying, "Hail, Holy Rome! Hail, Rome!" But he finds the life of Rome and all its traditions smitten with insincerity. He undertakes to ascend the *Scala Sancta,* the holy stairs, for, as the faithful be-

lieve, if you ascend on naked knees, uttering a sincere prayer with each step, some entrancing vision will be vouchsafed you before you reach the top, a glimpse, perchance, of the Celestial City, perhaps the face of the sacred Virgin, possibly that of the Redeemer of the world. But his mind is working as he toils upward, and a shaft of thought strikes him as thrilling as the bolt of lightning which had struck his young companion in the meadow years before and turned his mind to serious things. A word from Paul breaks upon his soul,—"By faith are ye justified,"— and he rises from his knees and walks down, leaving the holy ascent forever uncompleted.

Then he went back to nail his ninety challenges, each challenge involving a principle, on the chapel door at Wurtemburg. The answer was prompt. He was summoned into the presence of "the most remarkable assembly ever convened on earth," as the historian says,—an emperor in the chair, a jury of three hundred cardinals, and numerous attendant noblemen. It was "an empire against a man." Friends, knowing the intensity of the feeling against him and fearing he would never return alive, pleaded with him not to obey the summons. The reply was, "I go to Worms though there were as many devils in the streets as there are tiles on the house-tops." When he reached there he found the houses not covered with devils, but with curious human beings, stirred to profound excitement. Five thousand people thronged the streets.

On the first day the august assemblage overawed him. Weary, hungry and lonely, his voice failed, he could hardly be heard, and friends said sorrowfully,

"His case is lost." He asked for a night's delay to prepare his case. A good sleep and a hearty meal restored his spirit, and he stood up in that presence next morning to make his defense. He began to read in stately Latin from a well prepared manuscript. But the rush of thought carried him into the German vernacular, and he broke out with the memorable defiance which rings through the generations to give courage to every heart where great issues are pressing:

"Here Stand I, I Cannot Otherwise, God Helping Me."

The obscure son of a peasant overawed the Cardinals, the Knights, and the Emperor. He was vouchsafed protection by the authorities. He was hurried away. Friends fled with him to the country. Other friends in disguise, knowing the critical situation and fearing for his life, held up the cavalcade, tore him from his escort and carried him off to the obscure castle of Wartburg, where he remained a lonely prisoner for ten months. Here he "fought with devils," but during this time he "re-created the language in which he was cradled." He lifted the vernacular dialect into a literary language and gave to Germany a priceless gift,—the most valuable contribution ever given to any nation by any man,—a language fit to carry literature. He gave them his German version of the Bible.

Luther was an old man at sixty. He died at sixty-three, broken by the strain of constant struggle with enemies, but through it all he bore a cheerful spirit. Ever the stalwart champion of intellectual liberty, of the inner voice, he was also the smiling father, the playful husband, the lover of music. When his oppo-

nents undertook to meet him in debate they complained that their arguments were drowned in song. He went away from home on a peace errand to quiet warring kindred. On this journey he died, bravely, as he had lived. Such was Luther.

Nearly two hundred years later,—from 1724 to 1804,—came the eighty years that measured the earthly life of Immanuel Kant. If we seek to rank him among his colleagues, we can find but three or four names to enter in the list: Plato, Aristotle, Kant, Bacon,—perhaps there are no more. He did for philosophy what Darwin did for biology,—summoned the human mind to respect law and to recognize the laws of thought, the inner potency of the soul.

Kant was a little shadowy man, only five feet high, a poor little skeleton, who survived his birth only through the exceeding care of an exceptional mother. He never went more than sixty-five miles from the place in which he was born, a city, sad irony of history, which in these last months has been disturbed by the roar of cannon, besieged by the forces of war, —Königsberg. He gave a new impulse to thought. He compelled a change of front in the thinking of the world.

I cannot speak of his high philosophy. Let us think of him in two connections only at this time, both adequate reasons why we should love Germany, and while reason and breath remain to me I will declare my love.

One day in the streets of Königsberg this little, unsuccessful, despised man, who could not be trusted with a professorship but earned a meager living as a tutor, surprised an Englishman by defending the

American Revolution and deploring the unjustifiable attitude of England. The Englishman took up the challenge, demanding satisfaction. Said the little man, "Do you understand the situation? Will you come to my room?" And there he unfolded the philosophy of democracy in such a way that the man from England said, "I never thought of it in that light," and there was laid the foundation of a remarkable friendship that continued to the end of life.

Again, in 1795,, five years before the beginning of the nineteenth century, Kant gave to the world his great tract entitled "Eternal Peace," in which he anticipated all that any one has been trying to say about peace from that time to this. He laid the foundations of international peace in profound philosophy. Here are a few of the sideheads in this essay:

First. No conclusion of peace shall be held to be valid as such when it has been made with the secret reservation of the material for a future war.

Second. No state having an existence by itself—whether it be small or large—shall be acquirable by another state through inheritance, exchange, purchase or donation.

Third. Standing armies shall be entirely abolished in the course of time.

Fourth. No national debts shall be contracted in connection with the external affairs of the state.

Fifth. No state shall intermeddle by force with the constitution or government of another state.

Sixth. No state at war with another shall adopt such modes of hostility as would necessarily render mutual confidence impossible in a future peace.

Here we listen to the first great bugle note of peace, sounded by one of the greatest philosophers of all time. Whatever we may owe to Emerson and Carlyle,

whatever has been achieved in the United States by that movement called "Transcendentalism," once an object of ridicule but now the subject of sincere study, the heart of the thing came from this tutor, this little chronic invalid, Immanuel Kant, who said, after searching the realms of thought as far as human probe could go, after fathoming the human heart as deep as human plummet could reach, "Two things command my reverence, the sense of 'Ought' within, and the starry heavens above."

I love Germany, because I love Immanuel Kant!

And the third great world-name given us by Germany is Goethe.

Historians generally name but four transcendent bards in the story of humanity. Leaving out the still unsurveyed territory of the far East, we have but Homer, Dante, Shakespeare and Goethe. I am in the habit of making place for one more, the unknown author of Job, and when we have named this quintette it is either a brave or an ignorant man that dares mention a sixth, for, though the sixth may be still in the realm of high poetry, he will be outside the realm of supreme pre-eminence. Says one writer: "To take out Goethe would be to take Germany out of modern history," and Goethe is the man who said, "Why should I write songs of hate when I do not hate?" Said another, "No master, ancient or modern, more triumphantly than Goethe has cloven the atmosphere of our common breath with lyrical airs."

Whatever there is in Darwin or Emerson was anticipated by Goethe. Sterling once wrote to Carlyle, "Goethe is not a man to be loved!" Carlyle, Goethe's great English interpreter, responded, "Who has the

right to love Goethe? Who has been up there in that high altitude to measure him?''

Says our own Doctor Hedge of Boston, ''Goethe lighted his torch at the sun.'' Said another, ''He was an optimist,—would let all into heaven ultimately with no goats on the outside or on the left hand.'' And still another, ''He was a son of the morning.''

If we would study him concretely, two titles challenge us to a year's study each, aye, a lifetime study. It means a high liberal culture to know Faust and Wilhelm Meister. When Faust, the champion of beauty, first saw Helena, the typical representative of Greece and Greek art, he exclaimed:

Eye and heart to her I tender,
I inhale her gentle light;
Blinding all, such beauty's splendor
Blinded my poor senses quite.

I forgot the warder's duty,
I forgot the entrusted horn;
Threaten to destroy me,—Beauty
Tameth anger, tameth scorn.

Mignon, in Wilhelm Meister, represents the undying power of the unsatisfied soul, the ever-longing and ever-hungering human heart. Here is her pathetic song:

Such let me seem till such I be—
Take not my snow-white dress away!
Soon from this dusk of earth I flee
Up to the glittering lands of day.

There first a little space I rest,
Then wake so glad to scenes so kind;
In earthly robes no longer drest,
This band, this girdle, left behind.

Through little life not much I toiled,
Yet, anguish long this heart has wrung;
Untimely woes my blossom spoiled,
Make me again forever young.

Faust was the product of sixty years' work. Its author began it when a young man, he died with it unfinished, and it is still divinely incomplete. Through the many vicissitudes of life, sin and disappointment, through wrong as well as right, this soul is developed until he arrives where he hears the chorus beatific beckoning him by that unexplained and unexplainable thing which he calls "The Eternally-Womanly,"—"*Das Ewig-Weibliche.*"

All that doth pass away
  Is but a fable;
All that eludes is made
  Here true and stable.
The Indescribable
  Here it is done,
The Ever-Womanly
  Beckons us on.

All things transitory
  But as symbols are sent;
Earth's insufficiency
  Here grows to event.
The Indescribable,
  Here it is done,—
The Woman-Soul leadeth us
  Upward and on!

Whatever is meant by this "womanly-soul," you may be sure it is something more than a person of the feminine gender. It is not the woman, but it is the womanly element in every soul; that which is

possessed by the gentle and loving everywhere, the mother-side of life, which reveals itself in masculine as well as in feminine hearts.

If we would know how much we are indebted to this one of the four or five great world-poets, let us turn still further, to "Wilhelm Meister," the greatest pedagogical study in modern literature. Here Goethe interprets the development of the human soul and leads his subject up and on until he comes to the ideal school for the training of boys. Here he shows that the greatest and highest gift of culture,— the one grace which, he says, must always be acquired, which no one was ever born possessing, is Reverence. In this ideal school, on occasions calculated to awaken high emotion, either of love or fear, as when an aged person visited it, when a funeral procession passed by or marriage bells were heard, the small boys were instructed to fold their arms before them and cast their eyes reverently upward to contemplate the beauties and the marvels of that which is above. The second class, the juniors, were taught to fold their arms behind them and cast their eyes reverently downward in contemplation of the beauty of lowly things. The senior class were taught to hang their arms beside them and, in military phrase, to "touch elbows," to cast their eyes right and left, "get into line" and think of the divine in the human, the life that streams through the eyes of their fellow beings. This, according to Goethe, is the crowning gift of culture.

Let these illustrations represent, however inadequately, Goethe's contribution to civilization,—Mignon, the ever striving soul, the chorus beatific beckoning the wandering sons of men into higher realms,

and Wilhelm Meister, reaching at last the only culture that is really worth while, that which adds to the reverence of life by increasing our appreciation of things above, things below, and of things around us.

But these three masterful names, Luther, Kant and Goethe, have had great successors. The thirty-eight years from 1724 to 1762 witnessed the birth of Klopstock, Lessing, Wieland, Herder, Schiller and Richter, as well as Goethe, seven names which Bayard Taylor says were "destined to be an independent, victorious, permanent power in the world." I can speak with great personal gratitude the name at least of Lessing, of whom it is said, "His life was a battle and a march, a bitter fight for truth, tolerance and freedom against tryanny." His father was a poor preacher, his life was cast on hard lines, but he gained the friendship of Moses Mendelssohn, perhaps the greatest Jew of modern times, a marvelous combination of critical ability with artistic power, the father of the great tone-master, Felix Mendelssohn. In consequence of this acquaintance Lessing was able to write the great drama of universal religion, "Nathan the Wise." In this drama Jew, Mohammedan and Christian are placed in fair comparison and contrast and come to the triumph indicated by the classic story of the "Three Rings," wherein it is discovered that the best qualities in Jew, Christian and Mohammedan are the same. "What you call Christian I call Jew," said Nathan. And it was Lessing who said, "If the Father of all were to offer me truth in his right hand, and in his left hand the love of and search for truth, I would humbly kneel at the left hand and say, 'Father, truth

is for thee alone. Give me the endless power of seeking for the truth.' ''

I love Lessing, and Lessing was a German of the Germans, hence I love Germany.

Did I know enough I could illuminate a background for these prime spirits with a shining line of the great scholars of history. One of these was Bunsen, author of the book whose very title was argument and conclusion, ''God in History,'' not ''God in the Creeds,'' no, not ''God in Bibles,'' but ''God as revealed in the life of the nations and the ages.''

Schleiermacher was the first of a long line of German scholars to interpret to us the Bible by means of the so-called ''higher criticism,'' which has resolved the Hebrew scriptures into a literature of priceless value.

Of course, to call the roll of Germany's illustrious men is to include almost the entire history of music. I have no right to speak of this, but I can call the roll of some of the world's great musicians who have been given to the world by Germany,—Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Handel, Bach, Mozart, Schubert, Brahms, Wagner—but you know them better than I do and can enlarge the list at your convenience.

I wish I could call the roll of Germany's great artists, painters and sculptors. You must find them for yourselves. I will mention but one, Albrecht Dürer, who combined in his own person the prophet, the artist, the reformer, and the student of beauty. He was the brush of the Reformation. At his death he caused to be engraved upon his tomb the one word, ''Emigravit,''—he has emigrated.

And all these modern men have a background of

early history. Among the original documents left us by the Latin world is one written by Tacitus, containing a learned analysis of the German people of his day, and modern historians say there is not much to be added except that the study of the following centuries has justified Tacitus' estimate of the German people, which characterized them in "a language unique in the emphasis placed upon the value of the individual and upon the domestic quality of their lives."

Professor Adams, in his "Civilization During the Middle Ages," traces the gifts of Germany to modern civilization. One of his chapters is entitled, "What Did Germany Add?" He says the Germans contributed the idea of national independence and the independence of the individual. He traces the much-boasted New England town meeting back to the primitive Germans. Our word "committee" springs from that old habit of the German people of committing their interests, their cases, to a group of their own naming. Adams further tells us that to the Germans we are indebted for what he calls "elective monarchy," for they early exercised the right of electing their own kings. Lastly, they introduced a system of written laws as contra-distinguished from the British common law, the unwritten law. All this has come down to us from the time we call "barbaric," and is linked with the great name of Carolus Magnus, Charlemagne, who carried his love of culture with him onto the battlefield and insisted that his soldiers should spend a certain number of hours each day in studying the text-books within their reach.

So I love the Germany that has been, and I love the Germany that is. Oh, I know the gruesome de-

tails you are thinking of, I know something of the horrible story of war, for I have been on the march and on the battlefield. I know the disintegration of ideals that follows militancy. Germany, alas, has this past year set the sorry pace for all Europe; but Germany as it is represents a union of what was once twenty-two independent, quarreling monarchies and three or four "free" states. What is now the German Empire is one more step toward that greater combination that shall be formed when Teuton and British, first cousins, learn again to touch elbows and march to the same music.

Germany indeed has offered two profound contributions to the future, one the power of discipline, the other the mighty potency of men acting in concert, the spectacle not only of a whole generation but of successive generations moving toward one purpose and reaching an efficiency truly sublime.

All Europe has been preparing for war in the last forty years in German terms. England felt that she was not prepared unless she could have as many immense ships and aggregations of soldiers as Germany had. France was not prepared unless she could line up to the military standards of Germany. Russia, silent, jealous, took account of Germany and tried to follow after. Our own United States, heaven forgive her, has been led constantly into interpreting the words "safety" and "preparedness" in terms of German militancy, which is an abnormal excrescence upon the Germany of Luther, of Kant, of Goethe and of Lessing. I love the normal Germany, its spiritual kingdom, and I watch with anxiety the nations of the world as they are led through bitterness to distinguish

between the true Germany that produced the men I have mentioned and the false Germany that boasts of the philosophy of "blood and iron," the iniquitous entailment of the worst man that ever wrote his name in German history as measured by the results,—Bismarck.

I deny that Germany must be dismissed from the pale of civilization on account of these lurid lights in the foreground. It is my business on Sunday, in the name of Religion, to move the previous question, to go back to that other Germany which developed the printing-press and which sang the great songs of common life and nobility.

I love the Germany that was, and I will believe in Germany as it is, because I love the Germany that is to come. I love the Germany that I have never seen, that I am utterly unable to understand, for I have never visited her great cities, with one or two exceptions, and never drank in her great classics in their original tongue. I love her for what I know not. I love her because she is going some day to be neighbor to France and again first cousin to England and joint heir with Russia to the best things in Europe.

I love the Germany which takes in not only Luther, but his beloved "Kate," the "Katrina" that he teased in German. Do we make too much of Germany's contribution to our lives in terms of individuality? No. If transcendentalism means anything, we know that Carlyle lighted his lamp at the Goethe altar and Emerson confessed his kinship. If there is anything in German philosophy it is the individualism of the spirit, the freedom of the soul.

But here comes another striking truth, namely, that

socialism is at home in Germany. The modern European hunger for democracy has found perhaps its best expression there. Somewhere and somehow the larger synthesis is coming in the wake of German thought and action.

The books tell us that the Christian gospel was carried to Germany by the English Winifred, to whom was given the name "Boniface,"—Good-doer,"—but that after many had confessed their Christ they still held their old loyalty to the god Donnar and on festival days gathered around the great oak tree that stood for false superstitions. One day, as the story goes, the good monk from England attended one of these festivals under the branches of the sacred oak. He had brought with him an ax, and he proceeded to "lay the ax at the root of the tree" until it fell, to the horror of even his Christian friends, who protested. But not until that mistaken seat of power was felled was the way open for the new gospel. Militarism, the apparent foundation of might, is an alarming weakness. It is the tree of false superstition, the source of weakness, the sign of decay. It must be destroyed root and branch. Immanuel Kant and Lessing, and most of all, Luther, aye, and back of him the giant Charlemagne, with all his crudeness, saw the absolute need and dominant value of culture and training on lines of peace if the nation is to live and prosper.

We love the Germany that is to come into a great democracy at no remote date.

The English have a scornful insular way
Of calling the French light. The levity
Is in the judgment only, which yet stands;
For say a foolish thing but oft enough
(And here's the secret of a hundred creeds,
Men get opinions as boys learn to spell,
By re-iteration chiefly) the same thing
Shall pass at last for absolutely wise,
And not with fools conclusively.

. . . . . .

And so I am strong to love this noble France,
This poet of the nations, who dreams on
And wails on (while the household goes to wreck)
For ever, after some ideal good,—
Some equal poise of sex, some unavowed love
Inviolate, some spontaneous brotherhood,
Some wealth, that leaves none poor and finds none tired,
Some freedom of the many that respects
The wisdom of the few. Heroic dreams!
Sublime, to dream so; natural, to wake:
And sad to use such lofty scaffoldings,
Erected for the building of a church,
To build instead a brothel . . . .or a prison—
May God save France!

—Elizabeth Barrett Browning

From "Aurora Leigh."

IV.

Why Love France

Why do I love France? It is not for me to speak with authority, however appreciative I may be, of the place of France in art, in science, in letters, albeit to call the mere roll of French contributors to civilization is like reading one of Walt Whitman's poems. It is to find oneself enriched, quickened, stirred beyond any power of explanation.

Think of the French artists,—Corot, Troyon, Daubigny, Rosa Bonheur, Ary Scheffer, Meissonier, Jerome, Bougereau, Dupré and Millet.

Think of her musicians,—Gounod, Berlioz, Chopin and their fellows.

Think of her great novelists and contributors to permanent letters,—Dumas, Balzac, Corneille, and Moliere, who said: "I see a king, but his name is not Louis XIV—it is the people, the sovereign people,—a word as great as eternity." Think of Fontaine, Bossuet, Theirry. Think of Michelet, the Roman Catholic, who gave his literary skill to write a standard life of the heretic Luther. Think of Guizot, the historian, and of Taine, who has out-Englished the Englishmen in his interpretation and appreciation of English literature.

Equally stirring and thrilling to the informed mind is the list of the fathers of sociology, the pioneers of socialism,—Fourier, Prudhon, Louis Blanc, and De Tocqueville, who for generations, if not up to the present day, offered the best interpretation of the

government of the United States. Ponder over the names of the great scientists and philosophers,—Buffon, Auguste Comte, Victor Cousin, Condorçet, Berthelot; the great chemist of the age, Milne Edwards; Charcot, who made his great contribution to psychotherapy, the study of hysteria, hypnotism, etc.; and Leverrier, the mathematician, who discovered the planet Neptune by mathematical processes alone. All these were French.

Think of the splendid pioneers in the realm of scholarship. It was Champollion who, in deciphering the Rosetta Stone, gave to civilization the key that unlocked the mystic lore of the elder Egypt. Anquetil du Perron, a college bred lad only nineteen years of age, read that some English merchants had brought home from India a "dead book," a bible that was absolutely silent because all those who had loved it and could once read it were dead. With the ardent, prophetic nature characteristic of the French, this boy student, already saturated in Oriental study, said it could not be that the belief of a people so far developed as to formulate a bible could pass out of the world. So, penniless and friendless, taking counsel only from within, guided only by genius and the inspirations that trust it, he tore himself away from the University of Paris and enlisted under a fictitious name in a French regiment that was to do service in India. Hoping to secure passage to India and trusting Providence for an opportunity of deserting at the opportune time, he started out in search of a buried language and a disproof of the insinuation that humanity was made up of such careless stuff that it would permit

the religion of a great people to pass out of life and existence. Then something happened which I fear could have happened in no other place on the globe. We can hardly think of the United States, boastful as it is of its republicanism, as doing otherwise than sending an officer to arrest and bring home for discipline a man who had enlisted under a fictitious name. But the French government said, if such a great spirit has possessed the boy it is for us to encourage it. So he was released from soldier duty with an order on the government insuring sufficient money to proceed in his search. He went to India, and for eight long years he struggled with disease, superstition and distrust, the greatest opposition arising from the fear on the part of the guardians of the obscure book that this Christian would prove treacherous and that he would not treat their religious treasure worthily. But at last he conquered their distrust and came back with the key to their bible. With the ardor of a Frenchman, instead of going home to Paris he must needs go first to Oxford and examine the "dead book" to see if he could read it, and he could. Retiring again from the world and leading the obscure life of a recluse, he spent eight years more in preparing a grammar of the Zend language which, when published, was received with cold disdain by scholastic Europe. The brave French scholar died under the suspicion that he was a fraud or that he had been imposed upon. One black spot on the high fame of England's greatest scholar in this realm of research, Sir William Jones, is that he lent himself to the ridicule and the discounting of this great achievement. But subsequent research has justi-

fied Du Perron's discovery, and now for a pittance we can buy the Zend-Avesta, the bible of the Parsi, which contains the accredited records of the life and message of Zoroaster.

Let us not forget that we owe to French insight and courage this contribution to the intellectual and spiritual life of Europe and America.

The adventures of France in the discoveries of the world offer a thrilling study. This western continent attracted the Spanish explorers in search of gold, in quest of the Eldorado, or the fountain of youth. England came for territory, but France came in the interest of the Cross and took possession of the New World for Christianity. The French explorers dotted our map with evidences of their consecration to an ideal. The earlier Frenchmen were not concerned with sordid greed or coarse savagery. Open the atlas of this country anywhere and you will find such names as Marquette, La Salle, Hennepin, Tonti, St. Louis, St. Paul, St. Charles, St. Joseph, St. Lawrence; and most of these names were placed there by French adventurers in the interest of an ideal. Many of them commemorate men who were, in truth and deed, priests of Christianity, consecrated to the gospel of love.

France has not been wanting in thinkers, bold investigators, radicals if you will, representing the radicalism that seeks the roots of things, not the uprooting of things, as radicalism is still too often interpreted. In the twelfth century Bernard of Clairvaux gathered around him the studious. John Calvin builded on Bernard's achievements, and then followed Abelard, with his romantic contributions both to

religious freedom and to literature. Hallam says in his "Middle Ages" that from the fourth to the twelfth century there was no permanent contribution to literature. From Boethius to the letters of Abelard and Heloise there is nothing to break the awful literary silence of the Dark Ages. These letters ushered in the new era of literature.

So I must love France in spite of the distressing stories of her innumerable Louises and Francises, the long, tempestuous line of profligate and wicked kings, for France, through it all, has stood for ideals that were forging ahead toward democracy. Over against the dogmatic Bernard stands Abelard, the champion of academic freedom, the first man in medieval times to break from monastic standards. It was his wont in Paris to lecture on astronomy, philosophy, poetry, art and literature; indeed, as one biographer says, "upon everything under the sun as well as theology." He drew about him a student body that numbered at one time five thousand. Here is as good a place as any to mark the beginning of the modern university. It began in the lecture assembly that gathered around Abelard and led to the establishment of what he called the "Paraclete," the "Comforter." The students built for him a stone house while they contented themselves with brush bivouacs and rude shacks.

Let me say the same thing over again, but try to state it a little more clearly. I love France because it is the home of the dreamer, and to call the names of these dreamers is sufficient to compel even us English readers to love France. To listen to this roll-call is to be ushered into the company of thinking leaders, revivifying, inspiring, daring pioneers of thought.

Among these were Chateaubriand, Madame De Staël, Voltaire, Rousseau; and De Lamennais, who unfrocked himself and ordered that when he died he should be buried in a plain box and carried to the pauper's trench on a dray. He prohibited priests from speaking any words over his body that he might more effectively emphasize his protest against the tyranny of priests and better serve the democracy in which he believed. Victor Hugo, Millet, Renan, Charles Wagner and, to hark still further back, Diderot, Maribeau, Racine, all represent a unique category in the history of civilization. Other nations have had their dreamers, but dreaming has scarcely been the characteristic of other nations as it has been of France. France, like other nations, has been steeped in violence and drenched in blood. But the French revolutionary masters in all times have been led into the fiery vortices not by tyrants but by poets. Mark the difference! Not by those who were seeking conquest, but by those who would champion liberty, and if need be flood the world with blood in the interest of freedom.

To call the roll of the dreamers is a work clearly beyond me. But let one of our own poets interpret for us one of the pioneer dreamers in France, albeit an humble dreamer in pottery, an idealist who dreamed of the cup from which you drank your coffee this morning, a cup finished with an enamel hard and white, smooth and enduring. Palissy, the potter, occupies but a thumb-spot in that radiant line of French dreamers into whose triumphs we have entered.

Who is it in the suburbs here,
This Potter, working with such cheer,
In this mean house, this mean attire,
His manly features bronzed with fire,
Whose fugulines and rustic wares
Scarce find him bread from day to day?
This madman—as the people say,
Who breaks his tables and his chairs
To feed his furnace fires, nor cares
Who goes unfed if they are fed,
Nor who may live if they are dead?
This alchemist with hollow cheeks
And sunken, searching eyes, who seeks
By mingled earths and ores combined
With potency of fire to find
Some new enamel, hard and bright,
His dream, his passion, his delight?

Oh Palissy! within thy breast
Burned the hot fever of unrest;
The exultation, the divine
Insanity of noble minds
That never falters nor abates,
But labors and endures and waits,
Till all that it foresees, it finds,
Or what it cannot find, creates!

Thus has Longfellow condensed the story of one of the humblest of the French dreamers. I ask you to translate this poem into a description of the shining line of spiritual leaders whom France offers to our study. Says one of Victor Hugo, "He filled the nineteenth century with his personality as Voltaire did the eighteenth." The nineteenth century has not unfittingly been called "The Victor Hugo century." George Sand, his woman colleague, shall I say,

in the realm of philosophy, was said to be ever "battling with institutions. She traveled various roads but all of them leading to Utopia." "I write books," she said, "hoping to make people less unhappy." Again she said:

> The dogma of Hell is a monstrosity, an imposture, a barbarism. It is impious to doubt God's infinite pity and to think that he will not always pardon even the most guilty of men.

She believed firmly in the existence of God and in the immortality of the soul. She herself said:

> I see future and eternal life before me as a certainty. It is like a light and, thanks to its brilliancy, other things cannot be seen,—but the light is there, and that is all I need.

Of Lamartine it has been said: "In place of the poet's lyre with seven chords, the muse gave him the human heart to play on with its strings."

But if these children of light are to be excluded from the story of France and that of the French people under a bill of exceptions, if we grant that they are but brilliant spots on a stupid or degraded level of life, my point would still be maintained, that France has been the home of potencies that honor it as the home of dreams and glorify it as the land of ideals.

I was told the other day of a workingman in poor clothes who was listening to a stranger pleading the cowardly arguments for "security," arguing for better "protection." He asked of the stranger sitting next to him, "Who is that man?" Why, he is a well known college man whose name is familiar to all college men from ocean to ocean." And the laboring man exclaimed, "Why, that man has not as many

ideals as I have!'' I do not know whether that workingman was a Frenchman in the body or not, but he was a characteristic Frenchman in the spirit. He was a spiritual descendant of Millet, of Madame de Staël, of Victor Hugo, of Renan, aye of Rouget de l'Isle, defender of an ideal, who wrote the Marseillaise.

Here I must tell once more the story which I love to repeat. As the nineteenth century was drawing to a close, a French editor took a newspaper vote on the question, "Who was the greatest Frenchman of the nineteenth century?'' It is said that a million and a half votes were sent in and they came from the humblest of peasants and those high in rank and from all along the line between. When these votes were counted, to the surprise of everyone,—and perhaps to that of no one more than the editor himself,—it was found that the name first on the list was not that of a crowned head, a man of the sword, not a man on horseback or captain of industry, master of finance, philosopher, sage, poet or orator, but an obscure man of the laboratory, one who had spent his days in dealing with solvents and lenses, a man who had traced disease to its lair, who had stood between the French peasant and the pest that was destroying his vines,—Pasteur, the greatest of nineteenth century Frenchmen! The next name on the honor roll was that of one whom France could not endure, whom Paris, while he lived, spewed out of its mouth, banishing for eighteen years the man who chose to be the unfrocked bishop of exiles, the man who interpreted the last days of the condemned, the great throbbing humanitarian, Victor Hugo. The third name was that of one who perhaps did more than any other one

man to secure the general electorate and plant the republic of France on a permanent basis,—Gambetta. Fourth on the list appeared the small, mean, little, diminishing, disappearing, rapidly being forgotten Napoleon Bonaparte. Should such a vote be taken in the middle of the twentieth century, I venture to say that even college graduates would ask, "Well, who was Napoleon? What did he ever do to be remembered?" This vote was the heart of France, showing who are the men it wears upon its breast as its heroes and its representatives.

Am I not justified in saying that France is the home of dreamers? My plea could perhaps be more effective than I am making it if I were to use the remainder of my time in quoting from this great humanitarian, Victor Hugo, who has enriched not only France but the reading world with his mountainous stories, "Les Miserables," "Notre Dame de Paris," "Ninety-Three," and the others. These books have burst the bounds of fiction and become historic studies, criterions of art, handbooks of morals and the resource of the devout, where a soul may saturate itself in the divine harmonies of love, hope and faith. In his "Ninety-Three" he says:

Amnesty is to me the grandest word in the human language.

And again he says to the agitator and disturber:

If we are to lose the privilege of pardoning, of what use is it to conquer?

An accurate adjustment of proportions is a good thing, but harmony is still better. The lyre stands higher than the scales. Your republic deals with the material interests of

man, mine transports him to the skies. Equity stands higher than justice.

These are the rungs in the ladder that leads to God: "Father, mother, master, city, country, humanity." Here is where we begin to meet God face to face in the great cathedral of humanity.

He makes a man say to his daughter: "You would have military service obligatory." And so some of our college presidents and superintendents of schools say yet. But Hugo adds:

I demand the same for education. You dream of man the soldier, I of man the citizen. You wish him to strike terror; I would have him thoughtful. You would have a republic of swords, while I would like to establish a republic of minds.

Victor Hugo's books are books of democracy. He says, "Women may be weak, but mothers are strong." And again:

Speak liberty to the intellect, equality to the heart, fraternity to the soul, and you would re-establish democracy.

But I can give no more time to these great children of genius to speak for themselves.

Bartholdi's statue of liberty in New York harbor is the product, more or less successful, of one genius in sculpture, but this is the smaller fact that lies back of the glory and power of the statue. Other sculptors might do as well or better, other nations have produced great masters in clay, but that bronze figure holds aloft the torch of liberty enlightening the world because of the contributions of the French people, the peasants' coppers, the silver of the bourgeois, the gold of the rich,—a popular contribution coming out of the heart of the sister republic that is now drenched

in blood, its surface scarred by trenches, its homes marred by cruel barbed wire obstructions. Sometimes I wonder, if, after all, when this war is over, as it will be some day, the columns of republicanism, the conquering triumphs of democracy may not be led,—not by the favored United States, so boastful of its freedom, so smug with its "Monroe Doctrine," which it stands for in letter and violates in spirit,—but by this dreaming republic of Europe. Perhaps France will yet lead in the way that will bring at the end of the twenty-first century a Europe without crowns, without thrones, without standing armies, without fortifications and battleships that link the civilization of the twentieth century with the brutality of the Dark Ages. Dare we not hope that the end of the twenty-first century will be illumined with an international compact such as these French dreamers have prophesied, an international court for which Victor Hugo pleaded with such eloquence as President of the First World Peace Congress held in Paris in 1849? At the end of his address the Catholic Archbishop of Paris fell into the arms of the great radical preacher, M. Coquerel,, the forerunner of Charles Wagner, and they wept on each other's shoulders, so moved were they by the prophecy of an international comity that would bind not only the nations but the religions of the world together in loving co-operation. Says Hugo fittingly:

Men of genius form a dynasty, indeed there is no other. They wear all the crowns, even those of thorns.

In that eloquent introduction which Hugo wrote for his son's translation of Shakespeare into French, we find this characteristic story. The exiles were

gathered together in the house at Guernsey. Father and son sat on the porch one evening in the quiet twilight. Said the son, "How long do you think the exile will last?" The father said, "A long, long while." Said the son, "What are you going to do meanwhile?" "I will watch the waves and rejoice in their splendor and freedom," answered the father. Said the son, "I am going to translate Shakespeare into French," and competent critics say that he has achieved a most wonderful translation, while the father furnished a radiant introduction which is really a study of genius in its power. In this he says, speaking of the poverty of history:

Of Fernando Cortez, who ravaged America, history speaks; but not of Martin Behaim, who guessed its existence.

If a man has "cut to pieces" his fellow-men, if he has "put them to the edge of the sword," if he has "made them bite the dust,"—horrible phrases, which have grown hideously familiar,—whatever this man's name may be, you will find it in history. Search there for the name of him who invented the compass,—you will not find it!

Hugo glories in the rise of that other man who will bring about

The diminution of the men of war, of violence, of prey; the indefinite and superb expansion of the men of thought and of peace; the entrance of the real giants upon the scene of action: this is one of the greatest facts of our great era.

Then he cries:

Lift up your eyes, the supreme drama is enacting! The legions of light are in full pursuit of the hordes of flame.

The masters are going out, the liberators are coming in.

The hunters of men, the trailers of armies, Nimrod, Sennacherib, Cyrus, Rameses, Xerxes, Cambyses, Attila,

Genghis Khan, Tamerlane, Alexander, Cæsar, Bonaparte,—all these vast, ferocious men are vanishing.

Slowly they flicker out; now they touch the horizon; mysteriously the darkness attracts them; they have kinship with the shades,—hence their fatal descent; their resemblance to the other phenomena of night draws them on to this dreadful union with blind immensity—submersion of all light. Oblivion, that shadow of darkness, awaits them.....

While smitten with the fatal wanness of approaching doom, the flamboyant pleiad of the men of violence descends the steep slope to the gulf of devouring time; lo! at the other extremity of space, where the last cloud has but now faded, in the deep sky of the future, azure forevermore, rises, resplendent, the sacred galaxy of the true stars,—Job, Homer, Aeschylus, Isaiah, Ezekiel, Phidias, Socrates, Sophocles, Plato, Aristotle, Washington . . . and this marvellous constellation, brighter from moment to moment, radiant as a tiara of celestial diamonds, shines in the clear horizon, and, as it rises, blends with the boundless dawn of Jesus Christ.

Italy, my Italy!
Queen Mary's saying serves for me—
(When fortune's malice
Lost her—Calais)—
Open my heart and you will see
Graved inside of it, "Italy."
Such lovers old are I and she:
So it always was, so shall ever be!

—Robert Browning

From "De Gustibus."

"DA BOY FROM RÔME."

To-day ees com' from Eetaly
A boy ees leeve een Rome.
An' he ees stop an' speak weeth me—
I weesh he stay at home.

He stop an' say "Hallo," to me.
An' w'en he standin' dere
I smal da smal of Eetaly
Steel steeckin' een hees hair,
Dat com' weeth heem across da sea,
An' een da clo'es he wear.

Da people bomp heem een da street,
Da noise ees scare heem, too;
He ees so clumsy een da feet
He don't know w'at to do,
Dere ees so many theeng he meet
Dat ees so strange, so new.

He sheever an' he ask eef here
Eet ees so always cold.
Den een hees eye ees com' a tear—
He ees no vera old—
An', oh, hees voice ees soun' so queer
I have no heart for scold.

He look up een da sky so gray,
But, oh, hees eye ees be
So far away, so far away,
An' w'at he see I see.
Da sky eet ees no gray to-day
At home een Eetaly.

He see da glada people seet
Where warma shine da sky—
Oh, while he eesa look at eet
He ees baygeen to cry.
Eef I no growl an' swear a beet
So, too, my frand, would I.

Oh, why he stop an' speak weeth me,
Dees boy dat leeve een Rome,
An' com' to-day from Eetaly?
I weesh he stay at home.

—Thomas Augustine Daly

From "The Little Book of Modern Verse." Houghton Mifflin Company.

V.

Why Love Italy

Why love Italy?—I must love Italy, if for no other reason than that so many of my friends, guides, teachers and inspirers have loved it.

I love Italy because it holds the dust of Keats and Shelley, Walter Savage Landor, Mrs. Browning and our own brave Theodore Parker. Italy recalls to me the names of the Brownings, George Eliot, Hawthorne, Ruskin, Marion Crawford, W. W. Storey, and the shining line that my memory fails to record. I love Italy for the dear English books and poems it has inspired,—Romola, Fra Lippo Lippi, Andrea del Sarto, Old Pictures in Florence, Francis Furini, and the greatest book in English poetry outside of Shakespeare, "The Ring and the Book," written, as the poet says, out of that "little book, half manuscript, half print, for which I paid a lira, which is eighteen pence English, just." I must love Italy for the riches of the literature that it has created beyond its own boundaries and in other than the vernacular tongue.

I love Italy for her great inheritance, the mighty deposits of the Greek and Roman world. Even in the far-off days of the Syracusians, as Plutarch tells us, the fate of Nikias' men working in the quarries was softened because some of them could recite lines from Euripides, the newest of the Greek poets.

I love Italy for the mighty Roman background; for her Brutus, Cato, Cornelia and her jewels, Cincinnatus, Julius Cæsar, Cicero and all the others. I love

Italy for her poets in the mother tongue,—Ovid, Virgil, Horace, and for the historians that are the joy of modern students,—Tacitus, Pliny and their fellows.

I love Italy for the few good Emperors that she counts in her treasury. Rome had Emperors bad and good, but most of them were *Emperors* and they *did* rule and they were not apologized for as the crown-wearers are today on the score that they are negative quantities whose subjects may boast of their imbecility—"they will do so little harm!" I am glad of the Emperor Titus, who said, "The day is lost which fails to bring some comfort to the humble." I love Antoninus Pius and Marcus Aurelius, whose bronze figure stands on the Capitoline Hill in Rome, with extended arm protecting his captives of war from the indignities of his own soldiers.

I love Italy for the saints that lived saintly lives, those who were enshrined in the loving hearts of the multitude before the church gave them tardy canonization. Perhaps the greatest of these was Benedict, who led his monkish force forth from the mountain fastnesses of Monte Cassino, chanting the battle song that conquered Europe without shedding a drop of blood, "*Laborare est orare,*"—"To labor is to pray." With their triple vows of chastity, obedience and poverty, they conquered savage Europe. They triumphed not by force of arms, not by Christian formulas of creeds, but by the pacific weapons of love and patience. Benedict and his successors were the toiling devotees who prayed with axes when there were forests to remove, with spades when there were marshes to be drained, with trowels and hammers when there were walls to be built; aye, and with the same diligence

and modesty, with pen and graver and brush when there were manuscripts to copy and books to illuminate. I love Italy for her "saints" that were saintly.

I love her none the less for her heretics,—Julian the Apostate, Bruno, Campanella, and the long line of sufferers who for truth's sake demonstrated that science has its martyrs as well as religion, those who died for the faith that was too large for the church, prophesying a new religion in which we now delight. I love Italy for her heroic heretics.

When, in 1897, I found myself in Rome, yielding to an inner guidance I sought the Court of Flowers, once called Ragpicker's Square, to stand at the foot of the statue of Giordano Bruno before I climbed the hill to see the glories of St. Peter's. He who was burned nearly three hundred years before had recently been honored by a bronze statue erected by the students of the University of Italy. This statue represents a triumph rising through flames.

Of course I honor Italy for that long line of scientists whom it would be pedantry or something worse for me to try to name; but there they stand, the great heroes of applied science,—Galileo, Galvani, Volta, Torricelli, the inventor of the barometer, Father Secchi, and the anticipator of Bell, Menicci, who, it is claimed, should receive credit for the invention of the telephone, down to the great Marconi of the wireless triumph.

I love Italy for her great navigators, Marco Polo, Flavio Civia, who perfected the marine compass, Verazzani, the discoverer of the Hudson River before Hudson; the Cabots, father and son, who skirted our

eastern coast from Florida to Labrador, and Americus Vespuccius, who gave us our name, "America."

Of course here belongs the list, which I will not attempt to give, of great tone-masters, the mighty musicians that have made not only Italy but Europe musical with her triumphs, from away back there when Guido of Arezzo invented the musical scale, down through Palestrina, Paganini, and a score of other musicians whose names you may read in the books.

Then comes that inexhaustible wealth handed down to us by the mighty artists of Italy,—Cimabue, Giotto, Leonardo da Vinci, who was, perhaps, the most encyclopedic man of his age, master not only of the brush and the chisel, but student of the arteries and the stars. I am thinking further of Raphael, Titian, Guido Reni, Fra Angelico and the rest of them.

But to come better within the range of my comprehension and within the purpose of this course of studies, I love Italy for its mighty battle in recent times for democracy, for its splendid achievements toward unity in that war-ridden Europe,—now bristling, alas, with bayonets. Its later and greater triumphs have been those of the thinkers, the poets and leaders in the humanities.

Three names alone would make the nineteenth century radiant: Cavour, Mazzini and Garibaldi; Cavour the statesman; Mazzini, the prophet; Garibaldi, "the Knight Errant of United Italy," as some one has called him. The greatest of these is Mazzini, and the least is Garibaldi. Elizabeth Barrett Browning said, out of the heat and strain of the situation, "One Mazzini is worth a dozen Garibaldis, because he carries

no sword." It is a vivisection of mind and heart to dismiss these names with a word. How great is the temptation to take all this hour and many others besides in trying to lift myself and you into a keener appreciation of these great potencies that carried terror to the hearts of monarchs everywhere. These are the men that have set the pace for all the powers of Europe. Krupp has molded no cannon that will silence the tongue of a prophet. Guns, powder, dynamite, and all the other hellish inventions cannot thwart or suppress the love of liberty in the heart of the humblest. What did these great potencies of the nineteenth century do for Europe? They scared the kings, they made the dukes and barons look small, they carried consternation into the boards of trade and to the dealers in stocks and bonds, the manipulators of other people's time and strength, those who rob the world of its resources and corner its waterfalls and its forests, its fields and its mines for the enhancement of their own wealth rather than for the glorification and advancement of man.

I am seeking an adequate perspective. I am trying to hold Italy far enough away so that we may discover the major peaks in this Italian mountain-range of soul. The Alps and Apennines are great mountain ranges, but upon closer study and more intimate acquaintance they are seen to break upward into a few great peaks that pierce the clouds to receive the first greetings of the sun and wear the glory of snow and ice, of shade and sunshine. And we will keep these mountain peaks right before our eyes as we try to study Italy at long range. There stand three ever-

lasting souls, landmarks not only in Europe but in human progress, and I dare not suggest the fourth.

The first of these is Dante, one of the four or five great poets of the world, one whom we are just beginning to understand, not as an interpreter of the Catholic Church or the conventional faith of the time, though he poured his genius into those forms and formulas, but as a pioneer of the new learning, one who had the foresight to see the new issues. He was as radical as Bruno. He dared chuck a Pope head foremost into hell when he deserved it; Dante was the great interpreter of the human heart. As another has said, he was not simply a poet, but a judge of Italy, of Europe, of humanity. He declared a righteous verdict upon things past, present and to come.

Of Michael Angelo Mr. William Hunt, one of the greatest art interpreters in the United States, has said, "The ages since Michael Angelo have offered no man big enough to interpret him." When Grimm would write his biography, he found it necessary to study the age in which he lived. And Grimm's life of Angelo is one of the few great books which it is a liberal culture to know. Of Angelo it is said that he was born with three souls, the soul of a painter, a sculptor and an architect, and that, after he had turned sixty, there came into his life great tides of human love, mighty torrents of a man's love for a woman, a woman that was worthy of such love, and to the three souls already his, was added the fourth, the soul of the poet. His sonnets stand with the dome of St. Peter, with the tombs of the Medici, and the illuminations on the walls of the Vatican, witnessing to the mighty power of this four-souled man, Michael

Angelo, who accomplished what Julian the Emperor tried to do and failed,—picked up the lost inspirations of Greece and blended them with the Christianity of his time to make place for these neglected elements in civilization. He brought the classic world down into his own time and marked the era which we call the Renaissance, the New Birth of the new learning,—better call it the Re-birth of the Old Learning.

The third name is Columbus. He gave us one-half of the world we delight in. He made room for the pent-up forces of genius to expand in this new world, and, stumbingly, but effectively, established that which dreamers had foreseen.

Were there need for other reasons why I love Italy, I need but call the roll of her great cities,—Rome, Florence, Venice, Milan, Naples. But you have all been over that fascinating ground either in imagination or in reality. Let me stick to my humbler task. In 1897 Bishop Keane, now Archbishop of Iowa, was my gracious host in Rome. He had been my yoke-fellow in the Parliament of Religions and was at that time director of the Catholic University at Washington. In his room in Rome, with his arm around my neck, he said, "Brother Jones, you have come to study *ancient* Rome. Here you will find the elder world fronting you on every hand, you cannot be disappointed. And if you stay a little longer you will learn to love *present* Rome, for there is much here that is charming and delightful; but I tell you, democrat, radical and American as you are, if you stay here long enough you will find that the Rome of today is the capital of the present world and the conserver of the *future* interests of the world in a very real way.

There are no interests that enlist your sympathies, no causes that you are engaged in but have their lines reaching out and across the water, under the seas, over the mountains, here in Rome. Rome is still the capital city of the world.''

In words like these did my friend put me on my honor, giving me a task upon which I have been working ever since,—that of justifying and appreciating the Rome of today. Perhaps the good bishop was too partial, but one thing was very clear, he was keenly alive to the distresses of Italy at that time,—and they have scarcely grown less at the present. It is true that Italy is not simply the treasure-house of the past; it is the battle-ground of the future.

I am no prophet or the son of a prophet, but I venture the hope,—I will not call it a prophecy,—that the next great European republic to be born will be the republic of Italy, the next crown to be dispensed with will be the Italian crown. The republic of Italy is already well under way because the genius of history is there enthroned.

Why is Italy spoken of in the feminine gender? Why did Browning call it tenderly ''that woman country,'' and declare that if his heart were examined after his death the word ''Italy'' would be found engraved thereon? Italy represents indubitably the gentler side of civilization because it represents so much art. Italy embodies politically that mystic phrase borrowed from Goethe, ''The eternally-womanly.'' Not the feminine gender, not the woman as against the man, but the womanly side in the man as well as in the woman, the maternal element in Providence, the love deposit in Nature, that which

is ever alive to the beautiful, whether it be beauty in marble, on canvas, in tone, or in thought made lyric in language.

Because Italy is so immersed in the inspirations of art it is again necessarily committed to democracy.

Those who read closely know that Victor Emmanuel, the first King of United Italy, was a compromise, a stepping-stone in the thought of Mazzini, Cavour and Garibaldi. Garibaldi wore the red cap of Liberty, and the dream of these three men was a free Italy that is yet to arrive, that is to be born out of its rich past. "A free church and a free State" were the last words that fell from the lips of Cavour.

Rome is the city of fountains. O how the water gushes around, how charming are its purling, bubbling, bountiful fountains! None of your weak, dripping, economical little streams that we call fountains in Chicago, or even in New York or Boston, but great mountain streams, pouring down ungrudgingly out of their abundance. The noblest of them all, as I remember them, was the Fontana de Trevi, pouring through its triple outlets 13,000,000 cubic feet of sparkling water every twenty-four hours. This water comes from a distance of fourteen miles through an aqueduct, a part of which was built by the Emperor Agrippa before Jesus was born. It flows from under the feet of a Neptune of stately proportions and generous altitude, with splendid figures of Health and Fertility on either side. The great basin sparkles with this *Aqua Virgo,* so named because tradition has it that a young girl first directed a thirsty soldier to the spring that was older than the city.

The guide-book says, "The superstitious partake of the water of this fountain and throw a coin into the basin in the pious belief that their return is thus insured."

I took my farewell drink from the fountain and threw in my nickel. I have not yet returned, but I do not need to go, for that fountain still delights me, and all the more because the water is brought hither through that ancient aqueduct; ancient energy and devotion lending their aid to present needs. The flowing water is not the water of the first century B. C., but it is fresh water up to date at whatever time you may visit it.

Thus it is with these great names of history. Bruno's chief offense was that he taught the plurality of worlds. He thought there were other worlds than ours. When I was in Rome in 1897, I loved to visit a very humble monument, easily overlooked, not higher than my hand could reach, bearing on its top a celestial globe. It was a memorial to Galileo, whom the church humilitated because he perfected an instrument which interfered with the astronomy of Ptolemy, a machine that "scooped ugly valleys in the face of the beautiful moon!"

But Rome is now proud of its astronomical observatory, and Father Secchi is one of the astronomers that the learned world takes note of. A Pope has provided for him the best telescope that money could buy, one considered, in 1897, the second or third best telescope in the world. So I like to think that even the "old church itself" has in it, as Bishop Keane declared, permanent elements that are sure to triumph.

Out of some four hundred and sixty churches in Rome, the books tell me that eighty of them are dedicated to the Virgin Mary. The mother element in religion is universal. These churches might go further and fare worse, might they not? They are on the way to that unity for which Bruno died.

To me the Pantheon disputes with St. Peter's for my reverence and, to be frank, I found more inspiration and comfort in the Pantheon than I did in St. Peter's, though St. Peter's is the most gorgeous temple now on the globe. It was thirteen centuries in building, and the cost has been vaguely estimated at sixty million dollars, though it was probably much more than that. And still this simple circle of the Pantheon, with its low dome and great eye open to the sky, a structure which has come down from pre-Christian times and is now reconsecrated to Christian uses, appealed to me profoundly. The books tell us that twenty-eight cartloads of martyr bones were put into the floor and around the foundations for the reconsecration. Two hundred years or more ago Christianity attempted to indicate its Christian use by putting a couple of unsightly bell-towers on the roof, but later ecclesiastics became ashamed of the monstrosities and they have been taken down. Today the Pantheon is open to the sky and represents the larger catholicism, the nobler piety that is to come.

You cannot turn down a street in Rome or read a page about Italy without running into a mystery that is bound to bloom in prophecy. Everywhere here you stand on fertile ground. The soil is charged with seed that is to germinate and bear its harvest.

One of the art treasures as well as one of the art

mysteries of the world, the present pride of Venice, is the group of bronze horses over the door of St. Marks. The story of this quadriga is of itself an epic. All agree that it was first modeled by the hands of some Greek artist, possibly Praxiteles himself. Nero stole the group to decorate his palace in Rome. Hadrian continued the use of it, and when the tide of war denuded Rome, the horses were carried over to Constantinople. When Constantinople fell, they were stolen and installed in Venice. Then Napoleon laid his vandal hands on them and carried them to Paris, where they were kept for a time among the art treasures of France. When the power of Napoleon waned, art and conscience began their work, and imperial Francis gave back the horses to Venice, where they are today, but they are still stolen goods. It may be the day is coming when they will be sent back to their original home, for a movement is now on foot to restore all antiquities to their native habitat so far as possible.

The traveler sees nothing more spectacular in the streets of Florence than the grim figures draped in black, caring for the sick or bearing away the dead. The story of the Misericordia is a fascinating one. We are told that away back in the Middle Ages certain young men formed an association to reform themselves and elevate their lives. They imposed a fine upon themselves every time they were guilty of profanity. In time the fund thus produced grew large enough for philanthropic uses. This was the beginning of a brotherhood that submerges the distinction between prince and peasant or porter. The man who drives the cab and the man who rides in it are equally

eligible to this society and equally fortunate if they are admitted into the confidences of its membership. Here they lay aside all personality, eliminate all ranks, and wear this grim black gown, concealing head, face and body. The only way you can guess at the social quality of the man underneath this garb is by looking at his shoes. I suppose some of them have higher heels than others. And this continuous benediction, still at work, comes down from those gruesome days of old.

The Foundling's Asylum, made perpetually tender by the *bambini* of the Della Robbia on the outside of the walls, has a history even more charming. It started back in the Middle Ages by caring for the foundlings which were left at night to be called for in the morning. In those days, as now, the peasants obtained their milk from goats. This asylum provided sanitary milk for the babes by keeping a herd of goats in the back yard, and whenever a baby cried, a mother goat, guided by the divine maternal instinct, would trot into the hall and give the baby its nourishment in the natural way, without danger of intruding microbes. But when I visited that asylum, I saw for the first time the newly perfected incubators to take care of the prematurely born with all the precautions of science, such as are now familiar to us in Chicago; but these precautions were anticipated and probably carried out more effectively there than here.

The Italy that I love is a growing Italy. The present Italy is still unfinished and surges with unrest. There is a present issue between Church and State, the menace to free thinking is active. Because of these things I cherish the hope which I have already

voiced that Italy may realize democracy perhaps before any other of the present monarchial powers in Europe. And it may put us on our mettle, strengthen our democratic sympathies and give us a new courage to espouse things unpopular, to work on the side of the minority. I wonder if, tested by these tests, that woman-country committed to the heart of the Universe, the mother element in the divine, may not be ahead even of us in America.

Long ago, in his early manhood, Longfellow was moved by that wonderful Campanile, Giotto's tower in Florence, which is still unfinished. He who climbs the tower finds on top adequate abutments left to support a continuation which has never been added. Longfellow sang:

> In the old Tuscan town stands Giotto's tower,
> The lily of Florence blossoming in stone,—
> A vision, a delight, and a desire,—
> The builder's perfect and centennial flower,
> That in the night of ages bloomed alone,
> But wanting still the glory of the spire.

In later years Robert Browning seems to have caught the thought of Longfellow and lifted it into a more heroic vision. In his "Old Pictures in Florence," after doing tardy justice to the Masters before the Masters and making us ashamed of our ignorance by telling us,

> If you knew their work, you would deal your dole,

he closes with a prophecy of what he thinks will happen when a certain dotard is pitched over the mountain, and Italy has gone on its way to freedom,

> .....Once Freedom restored to Florence,
> How Art may return that departed with her.

Go, hated house, go each trace of the Loraine's,
And bring us the days of Orgagna hither!

How we shall prologize, how we shall perorate,
Utter fit things upon art and history,
Feel truth at blood-heat and falsehood at zero rate,
Make of the want of the age no mystery;
Contrast the fructuous and sterile eras,
Show—monarchy ever its uncouth cub licks
Out of the bear's shape into Chimaera's,
While pure Art's birth is still the Republic's.

He then adds:

And turn the bell-tower's *alt to altissimo*:
And fine as the beak of a young beccaccia
The Campanile, the Duomo's fit ally,
Shall soar up in gold full fifty braccia,
Completing Florence, as Florence Italy.

Shall I be alive that morning the scaffold
Is broken away, and the long-pent fire,
Like the golden hope of the world, unbaffled
Springs from its sleep, and up goes the spire
While "God and the People" plain for its motto,
Thence the new tricolor flaps at the sky?
At least to foresee that glory of Giotto,
And Florence together, the first am I!

I am with him. So are we all. If we could get rid of this wretched distrust of the potency of love, of the conquering power of ideas, if we could realize the imbecility of guns and the powerlessness of gunpowder, we should feel these forces even now, spite of the embattled millions, spite of the blood-drenched countries, working, regenerating, renewing, ennobling democracy, freedom and liberty. Everything that

these blessed men have died for is coming, all that the poets have sung for is on its way to realization.

I cannot close without a word about this "hyphen" in the name business. It is the dictum of schools that he who knows but one language knows none. Another academic statement is, Give a man two languages and you give him two souls.

Let us pray, then, for as many souls as possible. Not one hyphen is necessary, but many before I can write my name as a full-fledged American. Hyphen? Aye, many hyphens. I would be a Cambro-Anglo-Teuto-Franco-Italio-Graeco-Judaeo-AMERICAN! Only by such words can I honor my country best and only in proportion as it waves over such a people does Old Glory become glorious.

Of one other element I must speak. I love the Italy that is not in Italy. Of the forty-two million Italians in the world today, six millions of them are away from home. One hundred thousand of them are here in Chicago, five hundred thousand are in New York City. In the main, they are the despised "dagoes," the ignored " hewers of wood and carriers of water." They are the sewer-makers, the railroad-builders, the street-sweepers. But believe me, by their sweat they are to triumph, out of their toil they are to rise. The degeneracy of the United States lies in the blindness of her so-called "favored" sons and daughters, who permit their children to call an Italian a "dago," a Jew a "sheeny," an Irishman a "Paddy," and to spell negro "with two g's." Their speech betrayeth them. By their very vocabulary they are convicted of barbaric blindness and in our complacency and our conceit can be

recognized our monarchial descent, which is doomed in the interest of the something better and finer that is to come further along.

Thomas Augustine Daly saw the pathos and the promise of this tide that is reinforcing our world in America today, doing the jobs which must be done and which we refuse to do, in his poem entitled "Da Boy From Rome."

God forgive us if we have no kinder reception for the Italian immigrant than he describes. Here you can put your finger on one element of the dry rot in the United States. It lies in our conceit, not in the tide of wretchedness that comes to our shores from the so-called off-scouring of Europe. These represent the cream of Europe and without them our progress is at an end.

AMERICA TO RUSSIA

Though watery deserts hold apart
  The worlds of East and West,
Still beats the selfsame human heart
  In each proud Nation's breast.

Our floating turret tempts the main
  And dares the howling blast
To clasp more close the golden chain
  That long has bound them fast.

In vain the gales of ocean sweep,
  In vain the billows roar
That chafe the wild and stormy steep
  Of storied Elsinore.

She comes! She comes! her banners dip
  In Neva's flashing tide,
With greetings on her cannon's lip,
  The storm-god's iron bride!

Peace garlands with the olive-bough
  Her thunder-bearing tower,
And plants before her cleaving prow
  The sea-foam's milk-white flower.

No prairies heaped their garnered store
  To fill her sunless hold,
Not rich Nevada's gleaming ore
  Its hidden caves infold,

But lightly as the sea-bird swings
  She floats the depths above,
A breath of flame to lend her wings,
  Her freight a people's love!

When darkness hid the starry skies
  In war's long winter night,
One ray still cheered our straining eyes,
  The far-off Northern light!

And now the friendly rays return
  From lights that glow afar,
Those clustered lamps of Heaven that burn
  Around the Western Star.

A nation's love in tears and smiles
  We bear across the sea,
O Neva of the banded isles,
  We moor our hearts in thee!

—Oliver Wendell Holmes

19627

VI.

Why Love Russia

Russia is not a country, it is a world. It is not a nation, but a federation of peoples. It occupies one-seventh of the land surface of the globe. It contains one-tenth of the people of the world. The map tries to give us in colors one hundred "states," as we would call them, but the term is inadequate—better say one hundred different provinces or aggregations representing in the main differing languages and varying traditions. I tried to count in one of my books the number of languages referred to in tabulating the peoples of Russia, and I had reached fifty when I became confused and gave it up. Russia has domesticated five or six of the great religions of the world, peaceably in the main, with one sad and glaring exception. Many millions of Mohammedans live peaceably within her boundaries. Russia reaches over into vast regions where the name of Confucius carries apostolic power. The ancient faith of the Brahmin blooms anew in the theosophy of Russia, the home of Madame Blavatsky. Although the Czar of Russia is the nominal head of the Greek Catholic Church, with its pretense of exclusive descent, its apostolic succession, the books tell us that there are thirty million Russians who are not orthodox Greeks and who represent eight Protestant sects, unique and strange in name to our western ears, but apparently as full of life and autonomy as the Baptist, Metho-

dist, Presbyterian and other denominations of America.

Russia is comparatively a new name in the history of nations. An English writer trying to compare the maturity of the present Powers of the world, measuring their age by the age of man, puts the age of England at forty-five, of Germany at thirty, and of Russia at eighteen. So we are confronted by this giant youth, this crude, colossal, vehement, undisciplined, as yet ill-organized, youth in the full tide of his adolescence. But even in the incipiency of the national life of this great country we can see in the short perspective of the past a few commanding events and a few triumphant names.

The wonder of human achievement in outward building is St. Petersburg, as we used to say,—Petrograd, as we are learning to say. It took centuries to build the pyramids. "Rome," as the saying goes, "was not built in a day," but St. Petersburg was built in nine years from the time the first spade was put into the ground to the time when it became the royal citadel. It was built in a marsh, where foundations sank and disappeared, where walls tumbled and architects were baffled. But Peter, truly one of the great men of history, persisted, working with his own hands, toiling like a day laborer, living in a hut. With unmeasured wealth behind him, he chose the life of the simplest of the peasants. He built his city in miles and miles of marsh for the wise and strategic reason that his vast empire might have an "eye open toward Europe." Sadly has it needed this outlook, and wisely, in the main, has it used it.

But the monument that indicates the greatest tri-

umph of Peter the Great is now the most beloved and admired work of art in Petrograd, for it commemorates the noblest and most humane of his deeds. While suffering from an illness and taking an invalid's walk in the park, he saw a peasant woman and child in the water drowning. He plunged into the icy stream and rescued mother and child, then forthwith went back to bed to die from his exposure. The monument is in bronze and represents the king standing on a rock, bearing on one arm the helpless body of a woman and on the other the limp form of a child. This deed crowns Peter as "The Great."

We in America back there in '69 and '70 gloried in that great triumph that bound the oceans together. We celebrated the mountainous achievement of a transcontinental railroad from New York to San Francisco. But in those very days this "youth" in the east of Europe was working on a transcontinental railroad three times as long as ours, and the project has been accomplished, a project compared with which our Union Pacific Railroad and our Panama Canal are easy achievements, considering the conditions under which Russia had to struggle.

But more than any outward achievement is the spirit which has made Russia rich in art treasures, notable in architectural achievements, commanding in its mastery of music.

We in this country spent four years in a terrible fratricidal war, slaughtering a million men in order to strike the shackles from off the limbs of four million slaves. Russia anticipated us by a year or two in this triumph of justice. She manumitted fifty million serfs by the stroke of a pen and without the loss

of a life. More than that, she placed at the disposal of these emancipated slaves some forty-three million acres of land, making it possible for them to continue in their own right the tilling of the soil to which they were schooled by tyranny and by slavery.

Again it was the Emperor of Russia who, in 1898, issued that epoch-making Rescript which summoned the nations of the world into council to see if the time had not come when they could "Cease Firing!" "Ground Arms!" and devote the energies heretofore wasted in the art and science of destruction to more pacific pursuits. It was the "Czar of all the Russias" who called the attention of the world to the ever-increasing financial burden on the public prosperity of the millions and millions spent annually on weapons of destruction, which are no sooner perfected than out-grown. He suggested among the points to be discussed an agreement of the nations not to increase their military and naval forces, but rather to seek means of reducing them. He sought to interdict the use of any new weapons or explosives; to forbid the throwing of explosives from balloons, and the use of submarine torpedoes; and to neutralize all ships and boats engaging in non-military pursuits. The clauses relating to these prohibitions were signed by sixteen nations but refused by ten. Among these ten, alas! were Great Britain, Austria-Hungary and Turkey, and, on several counts, the United States. These nations refused to act on the proposition to neutralize the skies and the waters below the surface, an American representative offering as an excuse for delaying action concerning bombs from the skies that such

usage was a contingency too remote for consideration just then.

In 1899 the prophetic conclave was held of twenty-six great nations of the world, and seven years later forty-four nations were represented in the same place for the same purpose. These nations parted with the tacit understanding that a third conference should be called seven years hence in the interest of further international legislation.

One more amazing achievement toward the amelioration of war we must place to the credit of Russia. With a stroke of the pen it moved one-seventh of the earth's surface on to the "white map." By legal enactment it placed one-tenth of the people of the globe on "dry" territory and proceeded forthwith to convert what we would call "saloon property" and "saloon industries" into school property and educational industries. And this edict is working today. Russia, I believe, is to stay dry!

Here, then, are the five great, astounding, unparalleled triumphs of Russia:

1. The marvelous city of Petrograd built by the power of a human will in nine years.

2. A transcontinental railroad three times as long as ours, built largely through a wild and unsurveyed territory.

3. The emancipation of fifty million souls, without bloodshed, an unparalleled event in the history of rulers, a supreme achievement of a king.

4. The bringing of the western world together to contemplate the possibility of settling international disputes by other means than legalized wholesale murder.

5. By another stroke of the pen the placing of the vast Russian territory at the head of the white column of tem-

perance, which in this country moves on so haltingly and hesitatingly.

But even these great outward achievements, the emancipation of the slaves under the Czar's Rescript and the abolition of Vodka, pale into insignificance when compared to the stupendous contribution to civilization made by Russian genius. More than for all of these and above all of these, I love Russia for Tolstoy, the most beloved man of his age, the man whose face was made familiar through pictures to a greater number of men in his generation than that of any of his contemporaries, with the sole exception of our own Abraham Lincoln. Tolstoy was the great Renunciant of the nineteenth century. Here was a man born of a noble, well-nigh royal line, choosing the companionship of peasants, vacating the glory and the luxuries given him, choosing instead the consolation of the cobbler's bench and the inspirations of the hay fields. He turned aside from the mighty opportunities which genius gave him of being easily the greatest fiction writer of his age, perhaps, with one exception, the greatest fiction writer of any age, his right to primacy being disputed only by that other great child of genius and lover of man, Victor Hugo. At the height of his rising genius, when Europe was begging for more, he dropped the pen of a novelist that he might more effectively become, after Jesus, the greatest parable maker of the world.

Tolstoy was born to military honors. He would have been borne aloft on the shoulders of the army, but he turned his back on sword and gun and gave his life to the ministry of peace. Words fail me, as time fails me, to state adequately the renunciations

of this Master Renunciant of the centuries. He would not interpret the gift of genius independently of conscience. He insisted on interpreting art in terms of morality. His eye was trained to beauty, his ear tuned to melody, but he said in effect:

There shall be none of these allowed in my life except in so far as I am able to interpret them into the current coin of the poorest and into the life of the humblest.

What are the fundamental elements of Tolstoy's message? I would say "Tolstoy's Gospel," except that there was nothing unique in it. There was not one new accent in the message of Tolstoy except, and that is a tremendous exception, that he tried to live it. He took the message of Jesus at its face value and believed it was workable and, single-handed and alone, tried to practice it. With art, culture, society, monuments, fashion, wealth on one side, and conscience, the New Testament, and the suffering peasants of Russia on the other side, he said, "It will work! It must work!"

At fifty-four years of age Tolstoy yielded to the social ambitions of his wife, who was altogether worthy of his love but lacking his vision. He left the rural home to spend the winter in the fashionable circles of Moscow, thus to satisfy the alleged needs of the rising family. You know how anxious parents are to have their children "enjoy *social* privileges." If you are reasonably rich you want them to have the advantages of a winter in Boston; if you are richer, they must have at least one winter in Paris; and if you are very rich, you are willing to deny them the privileges of a domestic, settled home anywhere and with them join the Bedouins of the boulevard and

become weary globe-trottres. All for the sake of the dear children, who need just such "privileges." By the same token Tolstoy yielded to the family demand and moved into Moscow, where he daily met the awful contradictions of modern life. There he saw powdered gentlemen and perfumed ladies in dainty laces being driven to and from the dance in gaily trimmed carriages drawn by prancing horses in silver mounted harnesses. All of this he might have enjoyed had he not at the same time been compelled to see the same streets lined with wretched human beings rotting from disease, starving and freezing.

Touched to the quick with this misery, he sallied forth with his purse for the purpose of relieving distress, but he had not gone far before he realized that the giving of private funds was wholly inadequate to the great task. His genius carried the question further back and he wrote that searching piece of practical sociology, entitled "What to do?" perhaps the keenest arraignment of modern social conditions ever printed. His diagnosis in the main is as applicable to Chicago as to Moscow, varying only in degree.

Jane Addams once said in the old church across the way before the building of Lincoln Centre, "I am in the habit of dividing the people with whom I come in contact into two classes, those who have read Tolstoy's 'What to Do' and those who have not." To which class do you belong? One thing is sure, your reading in sociology has been superficial and you have been dealing with secondary authorities if you do not know Tolstoy and his deliverances on these lines. If you want to deal with "original documents," read Tolstoy. And first and foremost, if you can read

but one of his books, read "What to Do," which, like most of his books, has been translated into English.

Tolstoy found five great world evils:

1. Enmity and anger.
2. Loose living.
3. The taking of oaths and the false loyalties involved therein, for he rightly interpreted the New Testament charge against swearing not as a law against profanity or vulgar language, but against subordinate loyalty, unworthy devotion.
4. The resistance of evil by violence.
5. The distinction between our own nation and foreigners, which leads to war.

There is nothing very startling in these briefly expressed statements of evils that Tolstoy believed to exist at that time and which we pretend to deplore. Over against these evils he suggested five sovereign remedies.

1. Be at peace with one another; count no one low or stupid.
2. Commit not adultery; resist carnal desires.
3. Swear not at all; take no oaths, thereby binding yourself to the will of another.
4. Render not evil for evil; never seek vengeance in the name of justice.
5. Break not the peace; know that all men are brothers.

This is a hard creed to live up to. But it was not a creed but a rule of life to Tolstoy. Back of these five commandments he found these five conditions of happiness. Think them over:

1. Communion with Nature.
2. Work. (Not make-believe work, for you and I well know that the busiest people in Chicago are people of leisure. Oh, the pre-occupations of the indolent!)

3. Family life.
4. Communion with fellow men.
5. Health.

In another of Tolstoy's works he makes one of his heroes find his creed in three great principles:

1. That we should not oppose evil with force.
2. That we should not consume more than we ourselves produce.
3. That men and women should equally practice and aspire towards purity and justice.

"All very good," you say, "only they will not work." But Tolstoy's retort must be met. "How do you know? They have never been tried."

Who can say that the pacific program will not work between nations as it does work between millions of individuals? It has never been tried. Centuries long has the iron rule dominated, and it has worked very badly. It has caused untold millions of deaths and the wasting of untold millions of treasure. Civilization after civilization endowed with great promise has gone down to death and oblivion because the Iron Rule did not work. Let the Golden Rule have a trial. We seek in vain for a nation or a race that has gone down and out from too much goodness or because it was "unprepared" for war, because it was not listed in the "Security League," in whose ranks this afternoon some local preachers are trying to marshal the followers of the meek and lowly Nazarite here in Chicago to carry aloft, not the Cross of Christ, the Prince of Peace, but the banner of national conceit under which they are to go forth to demand more powerful guns, more deadly ships of destruction, more innocent men to kill and to be killed. Surely, Tolstoy

was ahead of his time, but not ahead of Jesus, of Socrates, of Buddha, or the many wise ones who have been loved throughout the ages and honored in life and in death.

It was Russia that gave us this great Renunciant, who devoted his genius to promoting the simple gospel of the Golden Rule. Of course, to think of Tolstoy is to think of Pushkin, who is said to be the founder of modern Russian literature, of Tolstoy's elder brother Tourgenieff, a consumate artist who must needs spend his life abroad while he poured his heart of love for Russia, for the world, into those deathless "Poems in Prose," it is to think of Verestchagin, whom many of us learned to love in person and upon whose message we hung with nervous intensity. Some of you will remember those revealing pictures twice exhibited in Chicago, of which he spoke to us from our platform across the way in the old building. So devoted, so heroic was he in his ministry that he went down to death with the ill-fated Russian battleship on which he had taken passage in order that he might better interpret with his brush the horrors of war. All these belong to Russia.

Oh, I remember the wicked "pograms"—the slaughter of the Jews. I remember Siberia and its grimness. I know the story of Kiev and the horror in which we hold the Nihilists; but let us be glad that there is at least one country that develops citizens with courage and fortitude enough to suffer for the truth's sake and die for others on the highlands of martyrdom rather than live on the lowlands of selfish prosperity. Sometime, when the whole story of that vast territory is told, Siberia, the grim land of ice

and snow, will win the admiration and sympathy of the generations to come for the fortitude there displayed. If Russia, with its crude and imperial autocracy, exiled her noblest to Siberia, let us not forget that Russia furnished the material worthy to be exiled in that way, and for that I love her.

Our inherited estimate of Russia is indicated by the word "slavery." Those who shaped the English language for us assumed that the people away off there in the northeast regions of Europe were doomed to be forever the "hewers of wood and drawers of water," predestined to be servants of the "superior" races. And so we called all servile laborers "slaves."

The Russians have ever been men of toil. Eighty per cent of that vast population still are soil workers, toilers in the fields, while even in our boasted agricultural United States only 53 per cent of our population are engaged in agricultural pursuits. Notwithstanding our boasted agricultural resources, Russia, in the year 1913, provided one-quarter of the breadstuffs of the earth. That year its wheat exceeded the American output by two million bushels.

To go back again to Tolstoy. He said that humanity was bound by three terrible bondages which cannot be broken by individuals but must be broken by corporate means, by governments.

One of these bondages from which the world is now suffering is the bondage of the sword, the horrible burden of war, the curse of Europe and the menace of America.

Another is the bondage of the land, the giving of increasingly large sections of the universal domain into the exclusive control and ownership of a few.

This is the burden of Europe, the blight of England, the menace of the United States. The democratic England we believe in will never rise to its power until the immense estates occupied by "dukes," "lords" and "barons" are dismantled and divided.

For this reason Tolstoy hailed from afar the writings of Henry George, the American. Without passing on the working practicality of his scheme for the betterment of conditions, Henry George's great arraignment against landed monopoly has never been answered. His ethical demand appealed alike to Tolstoy and to all lovers of man.

The third heavy bondage is that of taxation, which of course covers the demands of government upon the product of human toil, a large proportion of which is devoted to the luxuries and sumptuous extravagances of those in power and still more to the wicked waste of wars real and imaginary. In the last analysis the burden of producing all our luxuries rests upon the shoulders of the man who toils, and ultimately upon the man who toils in the fields.

There remains still to be studied the most timely lesson in the gospel of Tolstoy and the contributions of Russia,—the lesson of Moscow and the Napoleonic invasion. Napoleon, that proud relic af antiquity, belated in time, thought to subdue Europe by the power of his sword. He marched half a million men into Russia. When, near the end of the great journey, he caught sight of the gracious city of Moscow, with its five hundred church domes, he waved his hand across the horizon line and said to his army, "All this is yours," and they entered. He expected a delegation of the city authorities to surrender the city

officially into his power. He was prepared to offer magnificent generosity to a fallen foe; but instead of a great surrendering army he found only a crippled few, the helpless and the indigent. Russia's capital had been vacated, and in a few hours, at a given signal, incendiary fires broke out in all parts of the city. Great, proud Moscow became a wasted city. Fire had defeated the sword. The disappointed army, humiliated and chagrined, broke forth into pillage, turmoil and ravishings unparalleled. For several weeks the humiliated Napoleon haunted the ashes, camped amid the cinders, and there was nobody to fight, nobody from whom to demand a surrender. Then he turned about and started on that piteous march, fighting only the distances, the sleet and the frost, and escaping with only forty thousand men out of the half million with whom he had set forth. The rest were murdered by false logic, wrecked by ambition and the tactical assumption that a great country like Russia could be conquered or divided by an invading army, however great or triumphant in battle. I take it there is a lesson in Napoleon's march from Moscow that ought to be read and applied by the "Safety League" now trying to scare the pacific citizen of the United States into militancy.

Listen to the words of Lincoln on the "Danger of Foreign Invasion," spoken when he was only twenty-eight years of age, before the Young Men's Lyceum of Springfield, Ill., away back there in 1837:

Shall we expect some transatlantic military giant to step across the ocean and crush us at a blow? Never! All the armies of Europe, Asia and Africa combined, with all the treasures of the earth (our own excepted) in their military

chest, with a Bonaparte for a commander, could not by force take a drink from the Ohio or make a track on the Blue Ridge in a trial of a thousand years.

This is as good strategy as it is statesmanship. The great stretches of our republic will remain free so long as its people are intelligent and loyal, diligent and saving. No outside foe can ever denude this country, however much they may wish to storm our shores with shells or sink our battleships. Nations do not die from invasion, they die from internal rottenness. Lincoln was right when he said in the same speech, "If our republic ever dies, it will die from suicide, from degeneracy."

Many nations have indeed lost their political existence, but so far as they have been noble they have been planted deeper in the economy of civilization. Listen as I call the roll of the submerged nations: Judea, Greece, Poland, Bohemia, Hungary, Ireland, Wales, Scotland. All of them have been "conquered." All of them have been "dismantled," all of them have been "wiped off the map." But all of them have survived nobly in the arts, the sciences, and, above all, in the literature and the songs of the world. They have all remained, even as political forces in the world, for the powers that conquered them have frequently been forced to turn around and give into their hands the positions requiring administrative and creative ability. The grandson of Kossuth, the defeated Hungarian, was President of the Austro-Hungarian Senate for several years. And you know where the Irish, Scotch and Welsh stand in the councils of Great Britain as well as in the affections of the world.

Let the lesson of Moscow be taken to heart. Perhaps the greatest church in Russia in point of attractiveness and cost is the Church of the Savior in Moscow, built to commemorate the triumph over Napoleon. It is said to have cost forty million dollars and its gilded dome took $1,200,000 worth of gold bullion to cover it. But this does not best indicate the triumph of Moscow, this magnificient building does not most adequately celebrate the unmilitary conquest. Rather does Tolstoy's matchless story of "Peace and War" do this,—the greatest novel ever written after "Les Miserables," if indeed it is not entitled to equal rank with the great French masterpiece.

In closing may I relate one of the stories that indicate the spirit of Russia. You remember the Tolstoy story of the peasant who had profited by dealing in real estate and made a great deal of money. He heard that to the westward land was sold very cheap. He determined to move and buy more land. There he found that land was not sold by the acre but by the day. For a certain sum of money he would receive all the land he could travel around in a day. He started out at sunrise and was permitted to travel until sunset. He carried bread and a flask of water suspended from his neck that he might lose no time. He started out briskly and, seeing more land that he wanted, he again and again quickened his pace. Finally he saw that he had gone as far as he dared, and he started back. He was tired, his strength was giving way, he stumbled and rose again, he kept running and falling. The sun was just dropping behind the hill when he fell on the home stake, dead. And the real estate man gave the order, "Measure a space

of ground three feet by seven and bury him; he has earned it.''

Tolstoy came honestly by his stories. The books tell us that even the folklore, the peasant stories of Russia, are not the stories of knights and lords and ladies, but of men of the soil, helpers of the poor.

These tales suggest something of the tremendous wealth of Russia, the Russia of Tolstoy and the Russia of Verestchagin, the Russia of the peasant mass that has cherished for us such searching parables.

WEST AND EAST

The naked West, of mists and shadows reared
The little infant of the mystic East,
And countless years and ages rolled away;
The little infant grew to womanhood.
Proud of her western virtues she saw not
The beauties of her sister of the East,
Coiled in the web of many creeds outworn;
But revelled in her own, and so forgot
Her orient birth and faith that sprang from love.

To them who higher soar and see aright,
The world's delights and sorrows are but one,
The mystic caverns of the Eastern Saint,
The laughing bowers of the Western Sage;
And in the lisping of the child they see
Life's ecstasy, and its serenity
In tott'ring sounds of age, with equal love;
And oft in visions of despair they saw
The ever-separating East and West.
The God that gave the rose its hue gave, too,
The odor to the lily of the East.
"And let us weave with loving hands," they said,
"A garland of the lily and the rose."
At last, with joyful hearts, they looked around,
And saw one world, the World of East and West
Enfolded in each other's loving arms!
"One fatherhood, the fatherhood of God,
One brotherhood, the brotherhood of Man,
One creed, the creed of Love and Righteousness."

—T. Rama Krishna (Madras, India)

Read at the Races Congress, London, 1905.

VII.

Why Love Turkey

Turkey challenges our admiration as does anything vast, mysterious, inscrutable, and whatever challenges the admiration moves the heart, quickens it with love. I love Turkey as I love the Muir Woods,—the mystic forest that nestles at the foot of Tamalpais, out there by the Golden Gate. I penetrated that forest but a little way; I felt its sombre shadows but for an hour. The paths that lead out from the rustic road are soon lost in the depths. I could not count its trees. I did not measure its area; I was not able to calculate its antiquity. Those ancient trees overwhelmed my imagination, but they appealed to it profoundly, and ever since my visit they have thrown athwart my life thrilling, quickening and inspiring shadows. Just so does this vast, weird, and, to me, unexplored and inexplicable country we call Turkey, affect me. There is something profoundly significant in the story of this people, whom we first discover away back there in the fourth or fifth century emerging from the dim far East, a people made brave by tyranny, a band of fugitive slaves faring westward. About the middle of the fifteen century, inspired by a great, new faith, made coherent by humble adoration, and led, as they thought, by a prophet of God, they took possession of the capital city of the Christian world and established a vast empire into whose crudities was poured the highest learning of the age. These people are still the conservators and administrators of much

of the wealth of antiquity. Into their hands, for good or ill, Providence has entrusted vast treasures of the lost ancient world. Much of their territory has now become the hunting-ground of scholars. Whatever lies beneath the sands where Assyria once flourished and where Babylon, Tyre and Memphis once stood, the great wealth of that buried world is now in the custody of the Turks. The Turkish Empire appeals to us at least geographically and historically.

Into the now disputed Dardanelles, Xerxes penetrated four hundred and eighty years before Jesus was born. Three hundred and thirty-four years B. C. Alexander passed through the same waters with his invading army, and more than twenty-one hundred years after that, in 1807, the British fleet forced its way through. Eighty-four years after that, in 1891, the Russian pact was enacted, and now the Dardanelles is the object of grim dispute between two factions of the western world, one represented by the Allies and the other by another western power that loves the Turks no more than do the Allies, and would fain trample upon their inheritance and devastate their traditions in the interest of a weal in which they are not concerned.

Geographically, Turkey throws its boundary lines into three great continents of the world. Europe, Asia and Africa all pay their tribute to the power at Constantinople. Turkey represents an area of 1,600,000 square miles and an uncounted population estimated at over 41,000,000. Its capital city, said by those who have been there to be the "wonder of wonders" among all cities, has a population of 1,200,000.

A modern writer repeats the old sentence, "See Rome and die!" but adds, "No, by no means; not until you have seen Constantinople, which makes Rome seem simple and plain." Damascus and Smyrna, mere names to us, catch-words in the telegraphic dispatches, names that perchance provoke our contempt, represent more than 220,000 inhabitants each. There are four other cities within the Turkish boundaries having a population of over 120,000 each, and six cities of 50,000 each. These figures at least command our thoughtfulness and challenge our reverence.

The great seas which pique our curiosity and quicken our imagination,—the Aegean, the Black, the Caspian, and the Sea of Azov,—lie before us as we undertake to measure the mystic Turkey, even suggestively and briefly. The great rivers of antiquity,—the Euphrates, the Tigris and the Jordan,—roll through Turkey. Whatever is rich and beautiful in the art-encrusted territory from the Aegean to the Black Sea is, now at least, in the custody of Turkey. St. Sophia, which architects dare praise even above St. Peter's for architectural impressiveness, was once the proud cathedral of Constantine, who raised the Cross above it. It has been conserved and reconsecrated to Mohammedanism without defacement, and at this very time exerts an august power over the imagination of the intelligent.

Turkey is one thing, Mohammedanism is another, but they cannot be separated. Whatever potentiality came into Turkey, already peopled by that band, half Mongol and half Semite, bearing a name supposed to be Chinese in its origin, and signifying a "helmet," came through the inspiration of the latest of

the great religious teachers of the world, Mohammed. He represents the religion which it is most difficult for us to appreciate because it is so nearly allied to our own. It is harder for us to present an open mind to Mohammedanism than to any other of the great religions of the world, because it is so nearly of our own household. Mohammedanism is the daughter of Judaism and the sister of Christianity, and it united with Christianity, as well as with the crude polytheism of Arabia, to re-emphasize the fundamental truths of the religion we profess. It is a vast monotheism, a severe Puritanism, simple in its ritual, effective in its piety, a religion committed to learning as it is committed to the humanities.

"Seek knowledge even if it were to be found in China," said Mohammed. It is permitted Moslems to possess all science," again said the great prophet of Arabia. "My son, be thou the protector of the faith and the sciences," were the last words of Ottoman I., whose successors in the fifteenth century took possession of Constantinople and established a line which, through some thirty rulers, has held dominion over this weird territory down to the present day. The books tell us that four of the seven ministers of Mohammed II. were poets, and we know that during the Middle Ages the Mohammedans, the aggressive element of the people we now call Turks, simultaneously with the Moors, brought arithmetic, algebra, astronomy and chemistry into Europe, Asia and Africa, and the very characters which we call "Arabic figures" were the gift of Mohammedanism to the Western world. Says Emmanuel Deutsch, a high authority on Mohammedanism:

By the aid of the Koran the Arabs conquered a world greater than that of Alexander the Great, greater than that of Rome, and in as many tens of years as the latter had wanted hundreds to accomplish her conquests; by the aid of which they, alone of all the Shemites, came to Europe as kings, whither the Phoenicians had come as tradesmen, and the Jews as fugitives or captives. They came to Europe to hold up, together with these fugitives, the light to Humanity—they alone, while darkness lay around; to raise up the wisdom and knowledge of Hellas from the dead, to teach philosophy, medicine, astronomy and the golden art of song to the West as well as to the East, to stand at the cradle of modern science, and to cause us late epigoni forever to weep over the day when Granada fell.

Says Draper in his history:

In less than a century after the death of Mohammed, the Iliad, the Odyssey and philosophic authors had been translated into Arabic. Schools of medicine, law and astronomy were started in Bagdad, and during the ninth century, when Christian Europe was dull and stupid with its superstition and ignorance, the Moslem kingdom was busy in collecting great libraries, establishing schools in connection with every mosque, originating the systematic study of the natural sciences, particularly geometry, algebra, optics and chemistry. The great library at Cairo contained one hundred thousand transcribed volumes, six thousand five hundred on medicine and astronomy alone. The Saracen Empire was dotted with colleges. In these times, and by these people, clocks were invented; nitric acid, sulphuric acid and alcohol were discovered. In agriculture they were devoting themselves to problems of irrigation, manuring and the improvement of their breeds of cattle. The culture of rice, sugar and coffee was introduced by them, and the manufacture of silk, leather, paper and book-binding encouraged.

Whatever belonged to the Saracen and Moslem

world in the Middle Ages comes into the inheritance of the Turk. They hold today in trust the tradition of that power that once came near, very near, judging from the human standpoint, to possessing Europe and supplanting Christianity. That power is still too vital for us, in our prejudices and our hatreds, to understand.

In 1903, the year which furnished the latest figures within reach, five thousand hand-looms and ten thousand workmen were busy in Damascus alone, weaving silks and rugs for the western markets. Fisheries in the Bosphorus were reported to have yielded that year an aggregate of $1,300,000 worth of mother-of-pearl and amber. In 1903 Turkey in Europe, which is the lesser part of Turkey, exported to the United States two and a quarter million dollars' worth of rugs and carpets, nearly a million dollars' worth of tobacco, a million's worth of goat skins, another million's worth of wood, cotton, sugar, gum, arabic, licorice, opium, figs and dates. The total imports into the United States from Turkey in Europe that year amounted to twenty-one and a quarter million dollars, while our exports to them during the same year were only about one and a quarter millions.

We think of Turkey as benighted and dark. It is and has been fertile ground for missionaries from the West. The story of Roberts College, Constantinople, is one of the bright stories of American missionary achievements. The Presbyterians have their college at Beirut, supported by Turkish money and dedicated to various beliefs. In 1910 there were ten colleges and forty high schools, all in charge of Americans.

Nearly 37,000 schools throughout the empire, with 1,331,200 pupils, were reported in 1900.

In Turkey, then, we have a human "Muir Woods," a grove of semper-virens, of never-dying redwood trees, reaching up and up into the blue of God, reaching down and down into the subsoil of history. Theirs is a spiritual botany unlike that of our own proud ash, elm and oak, and only remotely related to our pine and hemlock, but there they are, like the denizens of the Muir Woods, which can grow only in the humid atmosphere of the Pacific Slope. But I hold that there must be something lovable in a thing so vast and powerful. At least our own sentiment must be held humbly subject to revision in the presence of so gigantic a manifestation of humanity, about which we are in such profound and oftentimes criminal ignorance because we refuse to follow the open paths that lie before us.

Even in so limited a library as mine I have at times almost lost sight of my sermon while allowing myself to roam among the interesting paths of reading which reach down and back and deep into Turkish, Saracen and Ottoman traditions. The last charming book that has reached my hand is the work of an American writer, Henry Otis Dwight, and is entitled "Constantinople, Old and New." This book warms my heart with love and admiration for the beauty it reveals. Mr. Dwight describes what he considers the most remarkable room in Constantinople. It was called "The Chamber of the Noble Robe," and was built to contain the robe which one of the early Mohammeds threw over the shoulders of a poet who said, in his presence, "The prophet is a sword drawn from

the scabbard of God." This saying so pleased the Caliph that he threw his own mantle around the poet, and the incident so appealed to the Oriental spirit of that people that the robe became endowed with miraculous power. The tradition grew rapidly, and now every year during the moon month of Ramazan, one of the sacred ceremonies is the kissing of this robe and securing thereby the power to heal diseases and bring other miraculous blessings. This brings us face to face with the insight of the Turkish people, in the generous appreciation, the spiritual sensibility that recognizes the function of the poet as a "flaming sword of the Almighty." This is a figure that would please Martineau, fascinate Emerson, and delight Walt Whitman. We smile at the story that after each kissing the robe is wiped with a delicate handkerchief which is then washed in a bowl of water, and the water, thus quickened, becomes charged with healing power. We are amused at the fancy and dismiss the stories as "clear superstition." But right alongside of these stories rise the equally attractive traditions of Saint Bridget and Saint Patrick and the numerous other saints that have healed by their shadows and blessed humanity by their miraculous touch. The tradition of the "Room of the Noble Robe" is not more superstitious or less charming than is that of the gift of Saint Bridget, which enabled the washerwoman to hang her clothes on a sunbeam and thus do without the missing clothes line.

All of these stories represent the hunger of the human heart, the inexplicable pathos of the human soul groping toward the sanctities with benighted mind. They indicate a hungering for the divine without the help of science, the guidance of philosophy, or

the tuition of the trained mind. I love Turkey because it is rich enough in the spirit to breed superstition, for superstition is arrested reverence, thwarted vision, perverted longing.

Oh, I know the bloody tales of Turkey, the terrible story of the Armenians. But so do I know the horrible story of Torquemada and the unspeakable cruelties to the Jews by the Christians even down to the present day, the wicked devastations of Christianity throughout Spain, the cruel torture of the noblest in Italy, Greece, France, Spain, and throughout the boundaries of Europe. What Spain was in the fifteenth century, Turkey may be now. Even so, it is not more than five hundred years behind the times. Russia had its "Ivan the Terrible," who wrote his story in the unbelievable cruelties of an arbitrary monarchy. So Turkey has had its tyrants. These unjustifiable cruelties are the product not of any one race, certainly not of any one religion, but they arise in spite of religion. They are the product of absolute monarchy, the product of despotism, and they can be ameliorated only as humanity moves forward toward democracy, toward the recognition of the rights of every individual and the sanctities of each individual soul.

Talking with a well known professor, one in high standing in the University of Iowa, a week ago, I said, "I am groping after something admirable in Turkey." His face lit up, and he exclaimed, "Oh, I wish you could see my sister. She has been a teacher in Constantinople for thirty years. She is there now. Of course we are anxious about her, but she has fallen in love with the Turks. She went there as a mission-

ary, is sustained there as a missionary, an educator, but she has learned to love the Turkish people, whom she finds so courteous, so gentle, so kind." I, in my conceit,— I confess it,—was tempted to smile at these adjectives, but what right have I to dismiss the verdict of an intelligent school teacher, coming out of thirty years of intimate acquaintance with the Turks?

In 1907, I think it was, I attended a great International Congress of Liberal Religionists held in Boston. At the banquet table I was seated next to an eminent Oriental scholar of Paris, one of the distinguished scholars of the world. Presently he said to me, "When and where are we to have another Parliament of Religions?" I replied by repeating the opinion which I had ventured at the closing session of the Chicago Parliament, that the next great world-Parliament would be summoned by Orientals and not by Occidentals, and that Christianity would be guest and not host. "Perhaps away out there on the banks of the Ganges, in the city of Benares, the Buddhists will invite us and we will go," I added. My neighbor smiled and said nothing just then, but along toward the end of the dinner he said, "I can't stop thinking about your Parliament of Religions, but I think you are mistaken. The next host will not be Buddhist or Hindu, but Mohammedan. There is a force at work in the Mohammedan world that is getting ready to play the host to a Parliament of Religions," "Well," said I, you make me smile; that is the last place I would look for it." He answered, "That is the trouble with you, that is the trouble with all of us; we do not understand the forces that are at work in the Mohammedan world. The next parliament will be

somewhere on the shores of the Mediterranean, or waters connected therewith. I cannot tell just where, but I am going home to work on it. You will hear from me when I get back."

Alas, within six months of that banquet there came to me the tidings that the brave young scholar had been summoned beyond. The Congress of Religions has not been called within the territory of the "unspeakable Turk." But the vision, born out of scholarship, has stayed with me and rebuked me when I was inclined to dismiss the Turk as I would dismiss a mad dog, and has frequently aroused my suspicions when I found wise politicians talking about "the sick man of the East" as though he were an easy problem, a negligible quantity in the future of humanity.

When you read in Dwight's book the testimony of an eye-witness of that great revolution of 1908 in Constantinople, when at last a constitutional form of government was adopted, when you realize with what enthusiasm and love the people were moved, how pacific they were, how bloodless was the revolution, you will realize that we have yet something to learn from Turkey and that Turkey is the custodian not only of some of the great traditions of the past, the buried marvels of old civilizations, but that out there on the eastern boundaries of Christianity the bridge is to be built that will connect a new Asia with a new Europe. If adequate submarine foundations cannot be secured, then the towers must be built that will transmit wireless messages from the "practical men" of the West to the unrimmed pieties of the East. Europe has been aggressive and conceited. It has made poor use of the great bequest of Asia, the

mother of religion. But somehow, somewhere, the Hellespont is going to be bridged.

There is a pathos about the Turk that Lord Houghton many years ago caught sight of and put into a poem. He conceived of the Turk in Europe as being away from home, and he put into the mouth of the homesick man these lines:

Men of the West! Ye understand us not,
We you no more: ye take our good for ill;
Ye scorn what we esteem man's happiest lot,—
Perfect submission to creative will;
Ye would rejoice to watch from us depart
Our ancient temperance, our peace of heart.

Let us return! If long we linger here,
Ye will destroy us, not with open swords,
Not with such arms as brave men must not fear,
But with the poisoned shafts of subtle words;
Your blank indifference for our living creed
Would make us paltry infidels indeed.

What can ye give us for a faith so lost?
For love of duty, and delight in prayer?
How are we wiser that our minds are tost
By winds of knowledge on a sea of care?
How are we better that we hardly tear
To break the laws our fathers held most dear?

Aping your customs, we have changed e'en now
The noble garb in nature's wisdom given,
And turban that, on every Muslim's brow,
Was as a crown at once for earth and heaven;—
The sword with which the sire Byzantium won
Sleeps in yon deep unwielded by the son.

Let us return! Across the fatal strait
Our fathers' shadows welcome us once more;
Back to the glories of the Khalee fate,
Back to the faith we loved, the dress we wore,
When in one age the world could well contain
Haroun-al-Raschid and your Charlemagne!

I cannot believe that the solution of the Eastern question is Lord Houghton's solution. We cannot mobilize forty-one million people. We cannot kill them off. We cannot banish them. We must live with them. And, living with them, we must fraternize with them, elevate them on the rising tides of philosophy and religion that know no dividing line of inheritance or of creed.

May God help us to eliminate from our patriotism the conceits of today. Let the Middle Ages, that brought the light of science into Europe under the banners of the Star and Crescent, make modest the conceits of those who today are mobilized under the Cross. We need some kind of a new reading of history—and maybe we are too dull of mind and too narrow of heart to discover that reading until it is written in blood, or to detect our error until our vision is washed clean by the flood of tears that are now blinding Europe.

TESTAMENT

I said, "I will take my life
And throw it away;
I who was fire and song
Will turn to clay."

"I will lie no more in the night
With shaken breath,
I will toss my heart in the air
To be caught by Death."

But out of the night I heard
Like the inland sound of the sea,
The hushed and terrible sob
Of all humanity.

Then I said, "Oh, who am I
To scorn God to his face?
I will bow my head and stay
And suffer with my race."

—Sara Teasdale

From "Rivers to the Sea." The Macmillan Company.

VIII.

"Above All Nations is Humanity!"

When a generous man had laid the foundations of the great institution of learning at Ithaca, N. Y., which is now the pride of the entire country, the lure of academic freedom and the chance of working with and promoting a democracy in which he believed brought from England one of its most famous scholars, Goldwin Smith. He became Cornell's first professor of history and, in time, one of the most beloved professors on the campus, a scholar respected throughout the nation. When the time came for him to retire from active duty, he left to Cornell University his great library, said at the time to be the most valuable historic library in the country. In addition to this precious gift, he caused a great block of granite to be carved into a comfortable seat whereon two or three persons might rest at once, and into the back of this monolithic bench he caused to be cut in bold letters the words,

"ABOVE ALL NATIONS IS HUMANITY."

To find the meaning of this great motto, to discover the common language of this common humanity, is my aim in this address.

There is a language understood by all nations,—an Esperanto familiar to the untrained. Everybody knows the language of a smile. Everbody understands the language of a tear. A kiss is very much

the same in all countries. Pity and kindness express themselves unequivocally in all lands.

Alas, there is also a language of crime that is universal. Hate has a common language. Wickedness finds expression under all flags. I have in my library a disagreeable book entitled "Famous Assassinations," which contains an account of twenty-five great historic crimes. This list runs through eleven countries. Greek, Roman, English, Swiss, French, Dutch, Russian, German, Swedish, American and Servian peoples have contributed to this gory list and have thus been initiated into the ghastly brotherhood of murder. Surely there is at least a brotherhood of wickedness and weakness that binds the world together. The fraternity of crime reaches around the globe.

But, thank heaven, there is also a brotherhood of virtue, a brotherhood of grace. The great Mother Church of us all has its "Calendar of Saints," and this calendar forms a cordon of love that belts the globe. England has indeed its St. Augustine, but so has Ireland its St. Patrick, Wales its St. David, Scotland its St. Columba, France its St. Martin and Germany its St. Boniface; and these are only a few examples of the many, many men and women of all climes who, by the purity of their lives, the sweetness of their dispositions, the devotion of their hearts, have become citizens of the world.

As there is a brotherhood of virtue binding the world together, so there is a brotherhood of genius. Great souls will not stay penned up within geographical limits. When we speak of Homer, Dante, Goethe, Shakespeare, and the unknown author of Job, we lose

all sense of time and space. We do not need a map to place them. They belong to the world. When we call the roll of our own noblest,—Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, Emerson and Lincoln,—we dare not make exclusive claims to them. The world has long since recognized them as its own.

As there is a brotherhood of saintliness and of power, so is there a brotherhood of beauty that encircles the globe. The great artists, whether they be those of brush or chisel or the great tone-masters of the world, all speak a language intelligible to all the world. One needs no lexicon to understand the Sistine Madonna. St. Peter's dome is a polyglot speaking an intelligible language to the endless diversity of humanity that flows like an endless river around the benignant and hospitable pillars below. The music of "America," "Nearer My God to Thee," the "Marseillaise," adapts itself readily to metered words in many languages. The words are local, provincial, national, but the tunes are universal. They speak to the soul in all climes.

One more and last count! The fundamentals of religion reach through all creeds, below all forms, and beyond all nationalities. Many names but one God; many rituals, but one upreaching of the soul; many forms of penitence and petition, but the same contrition and confession of the humble and devout souls of the faith. I have a book in my library entitled "A Book of Worship," compiled by an Episcopalian rector, a Unitarian minister and a Jewish rabbi. The principle of compilation was to accept nothing that did not clearly appeal to each of the editors. They searched the sacred scriptures of many

faiths, the prayers of the saints and sages of all ages, the sayings of prophets of all climes, and the result is a book of impressive sweetness and great directness, a book of simple faith, intelligible to and beloved by simple souls everywhere. Christian and pagan, Jew and Gentile, Protestant and Catholic, orthodox and heterodox here meet at a common altar. Devoutness and service, love and hope, pity and trust constitute the ritual of universal religion.

In view of these great insistent ties that bind each to each and all to the Infinite, may we not devoutly say with Goldwin Smith,—

"ABOVE ALL NATIONS IS HUMANITY?"

I have passed in review the battle-torn peoples of Europe. I have summoned them on Sunday morning and in church to appear and give reason for their being beloved,—to substantiate their claims upon our affection. We found that England, Germany, France, Italy, Russia and Turkey were all inheritors of a vast spiritual wealth,—that they represent a great company of brave men and loyal women. They have each conserved the traditions of consecrated generations, of toiling centuries. We found that all of these nations are more or less impressed with the binding quality of their trusteeship, all more or less conscious of the great responsibility placed upon them. So profoundly are they impressed with their obligations to the unborn that they are pouring out their life-blood like water in defense of this inheritance.

But we also found that these peoples, though earnest and devout, are infatuated with the pitiful,

not to say damnable, conceit that each is possessed of treasures peculiar and unique. All of them are alike touched with an arrogance based on foundations that are ever fluctuating. All are alike blinded with an unscientific and unphilosophic belief that their heritage can be preserved at the maximum only by keeping it inviolate and in their own possession on lines already established. They have assumed that their destiny in the future is dependent upon preserving the externalties of what they call their "civilization" and their political and military preeminence.

The saddest thing of all is that this logic of partiality, this theory of a partial God and a "chosen people" lowers the standards of the nation that holds it, debauches its citizens, disintegrates the saving ideals of its prophets and sages, dissipates its dreams of brotherhood and its faith in fatherhood.

This orthodoxy of nationalism is tearing the seamless robe of the eternal Christ whom these nations alike affect to worship. The battling nations are guilty of a desecration from which even the Roman soldiers at the foot of the Cross desisted. They did not dare lay vandal hands on the robe that was "woven throughout without seam."

It is pitiful to see these great powers lending themselves to a degenerate bitterness from the inspiration of the belief that each is engaged in the Lord's work. King, Kaiser, Czar,—each has sent forth his men to battle with devout invocation to the Most High to guide them. King, Kaiser and Czar,—each believes his armies have gone forth to protect the destiny of humanity. But the springs of their inspirations are

unreal, artificial, mutable, and because they have failed to realize their common humanity they are now devastating Europe. They have mistaken friend for foe, brother for enemy.

What are we to do with these inspired—let me select the word carefully—*"patriots"*; these mistaken men, in whom love of country has thwarted, if not strangled their love of humanity? I will not say, with Doctor Johnson, that "Patriotism is the last resort of knaves," although I am sometimes glad that he said it, that I may have it to quote, but I do say unhesitatingly, with George Eliot, that "Patriotism is the virtue of narrow minds." "He knows no language who knows but one" is the dictum of the schools. By the same token I say, he loves no country who loves but one!

The lines of protection, love and right, reach beyond the geographical boundaries of nations, and when this war terminates, as some day it will, it will not be through the exaltation of one power and the humiliation of others but, through the rough discipline of nature, all will be compelled to acknowledge more or less clearly that they have misunderstood and misinterpreted one another and assumed to be antagonistic interests which were really identical.

The world is not partial to conquerers. History has been indifferent to battlefield triumphs. Destiny has hastened to cover with the dust of oblivion the sword-wielders of the world. The civilizations builded on force have gone down, and the boasted civilizations of today that would stay their tottering power with bayonets and bombs are doomed by the decree of the Eternal, who has so ordained that love and tender-

ness, fellowship and justice, righteousness and peace shall ultimately prevail.

I accept the challenge of the cynic who finds in China a grim realization of the fate of any pacific nation. Yea, verily, look at "unarmed China." Her people have devoted themselves through the milleniums to constructive industries, and her triumphs are triumphs of labor. China alone among nations has survived the stress and storms of forty centuries. It has survived by virtue of its pacific character, and, if it is not debauched by the militancy of the western world, it will continue until, out of the sweat of honest toil, it evolves a republic that China is not yet prepared for, a democracy not yet realized.

May God help us to eliminate from our patriotism the conceits of today, to purge our democracy of the cowardice that would revert to the protection of increased armament, multiplied battleships, and the safeguard of bomb-making and bomb-throwing.

Perhaps the most searching poem of the war, thus far, is the one entitled "Five Souls," written by an obscure bank clerk heretofore unknown in the realm of letters. In this poem the spirits of a Pole, an Austrian, a Tyrolese, a Frenchman, a native of Lorraine, and a Scotchman, having been torn from their bodies on battlefields, breathe each to each the same refrain:

I gave my life for freedom—this I know:
For those who bade me fight had told me so.

The Fuller Sisters of England, now traveling in America, have adapted these lines to an impressive musical movement from Beethoven. In a quiet midnight hour after listening to the song there came to

me an additional stanza, a chorus of the "Five Souls" touched by the higher knowledge which has reached them "in the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

On God's eternal hills we now do mourn
Our broken homes, with wives and children dear.
That we were brothers then, as now, 'tis clear,
For war is hate and leaves the world forlorn.
We lost our lives through error, now we know:
For love supernal, it doth teach us so.

"SCUM O' THE EARTH"

I.

At the gate of the West I stand,
On the isle where the nations throng.
We call them "scum o' the earth";

Stay, are we doing you wrong,
Young fellow from Socrates' land?—
You, like a Hermes so lissome and strong
Fresh from the Master Praxiteles' hand?
So you're of Spartan birth?
Descended, perhaps, from one of the band—
Deathless in story and song—
Who combed their long hair at Thermopylaes pass? . .
Ah, I forget the straits, alas!
More tragic than theirs, more compassion-worth,
That have doomed you to march in our "immigrant class"
Where you're nothing but "scum o' the earth."

II.

You Pole with the child on your knee,
What dower bring you to the land of the free?
Hark! does she croon
That sad little tune
That Chopin once found on his Polish lea
And mounted in gold for you and for me?
Now a ragged young fiddler answers
In wild Czech melody,
That Dvorak took whole from the dancers.
And the heavy faces bloom
In the wonderful Slavic way;
The little, dull eyes, the brows a-gloom,
Suddenly dawn like the day.
While, watching these folk and their mystery,
I forget that they're nothing worth;
That Bohemians, Slovaks, Croatians,
And men of all Slavic nations
Are "polacks"—and "scum o' the earth."

III.

Genoese boy of the level brow,
Lad of the lustrous, dreamy eyes
A-stare at Manhattan's pinnacles now

In the first sweet shock of a hushed surprise;
Within your far-rapt seer's eyes
I catch the glow of the wild surmise
That played on the Santa Maria's prow
In that still gray dawn,
Four centuries gone,
When a world from the wave began to rise.
Oh, it's hard to foretell what high emprise
Is the goal that gleams
When Italy's dreams
Spread wing and sweep into the skies.
Caesar dreamed him a world ruled well;
Dante dreamed Heaven out of Hell;
Angelo brought us there to dwell;
And you, are you of a different birth?—
You're only a "dago,"—and "scum o' the earth"!

IV.

Stay, are we doing you wrong
Calling you "scum o' the earth,"
Man of the sorrow-bowed head,
Of the features tender yet strong,—
Man of the eyes full of wisdom and mystery
Mingled with patience and dread?
Have not I known you in history,
Sorrow-bowed head?
Were you the poet-king, worth
Treasures of Ophir unpriced?
Were you the prophet, perchance, whose art
Foretold how the rabble would mock
That shepherd of spirits, ere long,
Who should carry the lambs on his heart
And tenderly feed his flock?
Man—lift that sorrow-bowed head.
Lo! 'tis the face of the Christ!

The vision dies at its birth.
You're merely a butt for our mirth.
You're a "sheeny"—and therefore despised
And rejected as "scum o' the earth."

V.

Countrymen, bend and invoke
Mercy for us blasphemers,
For that we spat on these marvelous folk,

Nations of darers and dreamers,
Scions of singers and seers,
Our peers, and more than our peers.
"Rabble and refuse," we name them
And "scum o' the earth," to shame them.
Mercy for us of the few, young years,
Of the culture so callow and crude,
Of the hands so grasping and rude,
The lips so ready for sneers
At the sons of our ancient more-than-peers.
Mercy for us who dare despise
Men in whose loins our Homer lies;
Mothers of men who shall bring to us
The glory of Titian, the grandeur of Huss;
Children in whose frail arms shall rest
Prophets and singers and saints of the West.

Newcomers all from the eastern seas,
Help us incarnate dreams like these.
Forget, and forgive, that we did you wrong.
Help us to father a nation, strong
In the comradeship of an equal birth,
In the wealth of the richest bloods of earth.

—Robert Haven Schauffler

From "Scum o' the Earth." Houghton Mifflin Company.

IX.

America's Opportunity

By blue Ontario's shore,
As I mused of these warlike days, and of peace returned, and the dead that return no more,
A Phantom, gigantic, superb, with stern visage accosted me,
Chant me the poem, it said, that comes from the soul of America, chant me the carol of victory
And strike up the marches of Libertad, marches more powerful yet,
And sing me before you go the song of the throes of democracy.

* * * * *

These states are the amplest poem,
Here is not merely a nation, but a teeming Nation of nations,
Here the doings of men correspond with the broadcast doings of the day and night,
Here is what moves in magnificent masses careless of particulars,
Here are the roughs, beards, friendliness, combativeness, the soul loves,
Here the flowing trains, here the crowds, equality, diversity, the soul loves.

* * * * *

Of all races and eras the States with veins full of poetical stuff most need poets, and are to have the greatest, and use them the greatest,
Their Presidents shall not be their common referee so much as their poets shall.

Thus sang Walt Whitman the year after our great war.

Who shall adequately state America's opportunity? Who shall interpret its responsibility? Who shall measure the burden that rests upon its shoulders at this time?

We have counted the lovable qualities in the battle-torn peoples of Europe. We have called the roll of the blood-stained nations and tried to interpret them in terms of sympathy and pity. Behind the bristling trenches, beyond the combative, bebuttoned, belaced and sword-girt generals, we hear the cry of children and the sobs of women. We see that behind the battle lines lie the depleted fields of Europe, waiting for the husbandman's plowshare, the gardener's vigilance, the benedictions of labor.

May I, in conclusion, try to tell, not "Why love America"—the title would be accusing,—but what I see as America's great opportunity?

In the first place it is America's opportunity to justify its great history; to prove worthy of its magnificent inheritance; to prevent the names of the brave pioneers, not only of America, but of progress in every clime and time from being forgotten, the pioneer discoverers not only of lands and mountains and prairies, but of the human heart. America must not allow humanity to forget the name of Roger Williams, who, two hundred and eighty years ago, was exiled from our own boastful Boston to face in mid-winter the dangers from a savage people and an unexplored country. For fourteen weeks, as he himself records, he "knew not the sight of bread or bed." And all this that he might lay the foundations of the first city or colony to be known in history as constitutionally committed to religious freedom.

It is not for America to forget the name of Thomas Jefferson and his magnificent bequest, the man who wished that upon his tombstone might be recorded three great counts and no more, counts that have rendered all our succeeding history potent and made his tomb a shrine toward which liberty-lovers in all nations may well turn reverent feet. He was the author of the Declaration of Independence, compiler of the statute of Virginia for religious freedom, and founder of the University of Virginia. These great counts lie at the feet of the America of today an unmeasured responsibility. The Declaration of Independence and the Emancipation Proclamation constitute America's two great undying contributions to the liberty of humanity, two unparalleled documents in the literature of human progress.

The last words of the great Jefferson, the most intelligent, accomplished and keen-sighted scholar that ever sat in the President's chair were: "Tell the committee to be on the alert! Tell the committee to be on the alert!" Then the lips were closed forever. The last moment of the great mind was burdened, not with any petty anxiety about his own soul or selfish concern for his own future, but, true to the inspirations of a thoughtful life, he was apprehensive for democracy. Again he was President or cabinet officer, anxious for the "committee to be on the alert." Fifty years to the day after the signing of the great document, on the great anniversary day of our nation, the Fourth of July, Thomas Jefferson ceased to wield that splendid power all dedicated to democracy. His was a power perhaps more profound and more intellectual than that of any other man of his time, and,

with perhaps one or two exceptions, than that of any man since his time.

On the same day John Adams his predecessor by a few hours into the Great Beyond, died, leaving us a similar heritage. Friends, we are members of the committee that disturbed the dying moments of Thomas Jefferson, and his message rings today in the conscience chamber of your soul and mine, urging us to be on the alert,—about what? We are not left to guess. On the alert in that cause which he did so much to forward, the equality of men, the freedom of all minds, the consecration of a throneless nation to the paths of peace and the cause of humanity. This splendid inheritance entrusted to us is enriched, oh, how greatly enriched, by the brave and the loyal of all the years that have followed.

Would you know the responsibility of America, the opportunity of this nation today, call the roll of its loving and loyal founders and leaders. I mention a few names without attempting any classification, chronological or otherwise.

See the demure Quaker mother, Lucretia Mott, sitting in the dingy court room where an escaped slave is being tried. The Government officer asked the judge to remove her from the room, because, he said, in her presence he could not press his case as became his duty, hampered as he was by the radiant face of the Quaker, pledged to no weapons but those of truth.

Let us enter the study of William Ellery Channing, where the first Peace Society in America was organized. Let us catch this one sentence from the liquid flow of that prophet's lips: " The sense of duty is the greatest gift of God!'

Elizabeth Cady Stanton, when the beloved brother, ten or twelve years her senior, passed out of the life of her accomplished father, threw herself into the father's arms to hear him say, "Oh, my daughter, I wish you were a boy!" While the dead brother was yet unburied she sought the old Scotch dominie, who had received his culture in the University of Glasgow, and asked him if he would teach her Greek. The old dominie dropped his hoe in the garden, brought out the dusty Greek grammar, and gave her the first lesson then and there! Thus in her determination to fill, as far as lay in her power, the vacant place of the dead brother, she climbed not only into the confidence of her father, but into the confidence of her age. Woman as she was she stood sponsor for the Thomas Jefferson idea to its ultimate limit, which ignored sex as well as sect lines, and gave to democracy a new emphasis.

Julia Ward Howe was not so modern, not so up-to-date that she could afford to sever the connection between her thought and work and the organized institutions of religion. She never saw the time, with all her culture, that she could dispense with the consolations, the inspirations and the guidance of the church. And so, with the co-operation of her beloved pastor, James Freeman Clarke, and that of their mutual friend, Phillips Brooks, she framed a "proclamation," an "appeal," or an "address," to the women of Europe, especially to the women in the households of the crowned, begging for their co-operation in establishing a movement that would bring about pacific relations between nations and make horrible war a thing of the past. The response to that

appeal, as she herslf said, was chilly, and so two years later, in 1872, she started single-handed and alone on the first peace pilgrimage in history, with exactly the same message and exactly the same purpose as that which inspired the more conspicuous and unfortunately more advertised "Ford Peace Expedition." Her message was translated into all the modern European tongues, and she carried her pilgrimage, so far as possible, into the royal chambers of Europe. But feeling that the time was not ripe, she came back to establish the institution of Mothers' Sunday, that annually there might be a rallying in the interest of the liberty for which the United States stands, and that the peace which lay deep in the heart of Thomas Jefferson might be perpetuated.

Charles Sumner! In 1845, on the 4th day of July, this gifted son of the republic delivered, in Boston, perhaps the most superb and far-reaching oration in American literature, still a great classic in the library of the thoughtful, on "The True Grandeur of Nations." Pointing to what was then the most modern and up-to-date battleship of the United States, lying in the outer harbor and wearing the proud name of "Ohio," he told his auditors that the money invested in that one battleship would build four Harvard Universities, with all the buildings necessary, and equip them with libraries and professors. He also declared that the "true grandeur of nations" lay not in their battleships nor in their cannons, nor yet in their armament, but in these three great counts which are as vital and potent today as then; the integrity of their citizens, the nobility of their institutions and the intelligence of their voters.

Charles Sumner, like all true citizens, believed in the right kind of preparedness. The opportunity of our republic today is not preparation for the war that may never come, but the preparedness which Sumner promoted and which is now the bulwark of this nation's safety, a preparedness which lies not in our cannon or our powder magazines, but in the development of our resources, the honor of our administration. For, to nations as to individuals, protection lies in "honest thought" and "simple truth,"—these constitute our highest defense.

We hear much of the inadequacy of citizen-soldiers, the unreliability of volunteer service. If the history of the United States proves anything, it proves that a standing army is, even in time of war, the least of our defenses. I know whereof I speak. During the Civil War I was brigaded for three years with one regular battery and three or four volunteer batteries, and I speak only the cold testimony of history when I say that the regular battery was the less trusted, the one not put forward in serious emergencies. The big standing army that the United States is now begging for cannot be created at present, even if it were so ordered by Congress, because there are not enough weak, cheap, unreliable, uncertain young men to make up such an army, and the good young men, the brave young men, are not going to lend themselves to the indolence of camp in times of peace. There are not "Tommy Atkinses" enough in the United States to make up an army of 400,000. One of our most skilful interpreters of war, a correspondent sent abroad to report for our papers, has called attention to the significant fact that the surpassing deeds of heroism,

the splendid achievements under fire which have cheapened the "Charge of the Light Brigade" and "Pickett's Charge" at Gettysburg, were accomplished by no regulars, either of France or England, but by a brigade of lumberjacks from the backwoods of Canada, raised in the most unmilitary surroundings and rushed to the front with the minumum of training. They were men inured to hardship, trained to self-reliance, and they made invincible soldiers.

Fritz Kreisler, in his "Four Weeks in the Trenches," which I regard as the most human document yet produced by the war, so far as I know, testifies to the fact that, out of his fifty men, it was the scholars, the professors, who endured the most and dared the most, though he had also the other kind, trained soldiers that were supposed to be the bulwark of the nation.

So the strength of the nation today lies, first, in the integrity of its citizens; next, in the nobility of its institutions, and last in the intelligence of its voters. So said Charles Sumner in 1845. So it needs to be said today, lest we fall back on the outgrown traditions of monarchy and try to entrench ourselves behind the efficiency of armor, of steel and powder, of cannon and battleship. When under the excitement of our Civil War, at a time when the relations between the United States and England were most strained, an indignity offered to our government justified the United States, as we all thought at that time, in taking from an English ship our traitorous citizens, Mason and Slidell, and the clamor of the press and the pressure of the army and navy were all toward violence, then it was that Charles Sumner, that great apostle of democracy, stood up in the Senate of the

United States and said, "Gentlemen, we are in the wrong. England is right. Those men must be released." Here was a cause of friction that would undoubtedly have precipitated us into war had we not been fortunate enough to have a Charles Sumner as chairman of the committee on military affairs. But long afterwards a decision was rendered which by many was thought unfair to our country, but there was courage and heroism enough in the administration of the United States to accept the decision in the now famous Alabama case, as handed down from the highest court. We received it as the law. We were saved because the administration was influenced by such prophetic souls as Charles Sumner, who knew that no destruction of human life, no slaughter of the innocents, would bring greater justice. With his last conscious breath he whispered to those who stooped over him, "The Bill! Take care of the Bill! Take care of the Bill!" Charles Sumner died with the "Civil Rights Bill" on his heart and uppermost in his mind. He feared not hell and he longed not for heaven; he was not thinking of devil or of God; he was thinking of the high emergency that might defeat the result achieved with so much blood, the Civil Rights Bill that would complete by enactment the promise of the Declaration of Independence and the Emancipation Proclamation. It is the opportunity of the United States, at this time, to bring the dying messages of Thomas Jefferson and Charles Sumner down to date; to ameliorate the hysteria of our country, to rebuke the insanity that, at this time, when Europe is bleeding itself white, would fall back upon the horrible

logic of force, abandoning the splendid spiritual heights on which our fore-elders placed us.

Up there with Charles Sumner and Thomas Jefferson I see Samuel G. Howe, the holy knight errant who broke the bars and let the imprisoned soul of Laura Bridgman go free, the man who came to the rescue of the most pitiable lunatics to be found in Boston, those who were not permitted to be treated even as wild beasts, but were chained to bedposts and disciplined with whips, so vacant were they supposed to be of soul. He picked out ten of these most desperate and hopeless idiots, tapped at the door of the darkened souls and brought forth spirit,—no, as he himself said, he did not release, but created, spirit.

Alongside of Samuel G. Howe in that Charles Sumner group is Horace Mann, the prophet of our public schools, he who vacated the Governor's chair in Massachusetts, refused the position of legislator in our national Congress, put aside the ambitions that would have led him to whatever he might ask of a confiding public, that he might come out to Ohio and battle with stumps, mosquitoes and malaria while he laid the foundations of the noble Antioch College. This school appealed to him because it was to stand for inter-racial, inter-denominational and inter-sex education; the first college of our broad land to say, "No sex, sect or race lines shall be drawn in this institution." He died in the prime of life from a raging fever brought on by overwork and exposure, and his brain was tortured in its last moments with anxieties for Antioch,—Antioch, a free college for the open mind.

It is no easy task that is left us, that of trying to be true to our present opportunities by preserving for

ourselves the free mind, securing for all the children of men free schooling and freedom to practice the open mind. When we think of this bequest, how cheap and low are some of the lines of the appeals to patriotism. We sing of our "rocks and rills and templed hills." There are plenty of "rocks and rills and templed hills" in far-off Africa; magnificent "rocks and rills and templed hills" in blood-stained Europe; unparalleled "rocks and rills and templed hills," if travelers are to be trusted, in sleepy Asia. No, we have but small claim to the respect of the nations and small inspirations of our own if we glory only in the extent of our prairies, our "unmeasured wealth," our forests and other "unexhausted resources." The lessons of history clearly show that one may be robbed of these bounties of nature, but they also show that we may encounter defeat and still endure in the hearts of the noble and in the lives of the striving.

The living treasures that belong to our country are the treasures of mind, not alone such as are indicated in the individual cases of which I delight in calling the roll, but those of the corporate mind, the spiritual entity we call the United States; it is never a thing of statistics, never a thing of violence, and it is inconceivable that we should mishandle the spiritual United States in order to promote its material empire. Is it conceivable that we should disgrace and dishonor our fore-elders by seeking permanence and power on lines which they condemned and worked so hard to avoid? Can we "save" Providence, that city founded by the brave Roger Williams, the first to guarantee religious freedom to its citizens, by fortifying it or digging a trench around it with all the modern

barbed-wire entanglements? On the other hand, is there any power of invasion on the globe,—Kaiser, Czar or King,—that can strike the city of Providence out of history and blur the fame of Roger Williams or weaken the potency of his message? This, too, is unthinkable.

It is for us of the United States, then, to justify our common inheritance, to vindicate our ancestors, to restore confidence in their ideas and ideals, to throw back in the face of faithless interpreters the great slander that human agreements, even between nations, are but "scraps of paper" unless backed by claws and horns raised to their human efficiency. I deny the slander. "Scraps of paper" represent the business of the world today. Not a house in Chicago could do business for a week if you broke down its faith in "scraps of paper." Millions of homes in this Western Continent are rendered sacred and more enduring for marriage vows spoken at the altar. "Scraps of paper," even in the most questionable form, have held and still hold nations in bonds of good-will and co-operation. Novicow, the learned student of history, whose little book is one of the classics on this subject, estimates that during the years from 1300 B. C. to 1868 A. D.,—hold the dates for a moment in your minds,—eight thousand treaties between nations were sealed, and that these treaties held for an average of two years each. Study frail human nature on any side and you will find in its record cause for encouragement. Of course treaties have been broken, of course promissory notes have been defaulted, and of course men have proved unreliable in business and companies have gone down discreditably; but these

facts are noticeable because they are exceptions to the rule.

It is for the United States to recommit its life and interests to the arbitrament of reason, the multiplication of treaties, of which several score have been signed and sealed under the present administration, and most of them will hold. But if some of them are broken, the remedy lies, not in the slaughter of the innocents, but in the consensus of the competent finding new ways of vindicating law as it is vindicated on the streets of Chicago through the help of its police force. It is for the United States to draw the broad distinction between an "army" and a "police force." We need a police force to protect the well-being of our citizens, to save life, to be equal to emergencies that may arise. We exercise such a force in the home, we are developing it in the city, we need an army and navy to preserve and enforce law within, but no more armies to hold down the nations to the old ethics of the duel. We should endeavor to lift the nations into an international compact where the goodwill of all will compel confidence and obedience in each.

Recent events prove what I say. An acknowledged bandit, a proclaimed outlaw, whose authority our government has persistently refused to recognize, with a few maddened desperadoes, certainly not more than a few hundred, recklessly "shot up"—that is what they call it out West—a little village of the plains on the Mexican border line, killing sixteen Americans. If the newspapers are to be trusted, one hundred of the outlaws paid the bitter penalty with their lives,—one hundred and sixteen dead away out

there on the plains where recklessness has always obtained, and lo! throughout the length and breadth of the land comes the call to arms, a demand that an army thousands strong shall invade a foreign country in order to capture the outlaw leader. Anyone who knows anything about warfare knows that, from a tactical standpoint, such a quest would be as if you went out hunting wolves with howitzers, shooting rabbits with ten-pounders, stalking partridges with automobiles. The sad part of this hopeless hunt is that many good men will be slaughtered and many legitimate interests will be broken up.

The papers tell us that 5,550 Illinois militiamen are ready to go to "hunt down" this one bandit and his handful of associates, and that these 5,550 soldiers, enlisted men, are officered by 552 officers,—one officer for every ten men. We, who know from experience what warfare is, realize that it might be more efficient and save a lot of money if the 552 officers were sent down there and the men allowed to stay home to put in the crops this spring. I submit this plan as good tactics, as it certainly is good economy. By some such sharp thrusts of common sense is the United States to become equal to its present opportunity. Thus it will prove its faith in its fathers and perpetuate the domination of law and of reason as laid down by Roger Williams, Thomas Jefferson, Charles Sumner, Samuel G. Howe, Thomas Higginson and all the blessed women and a lot more men,—Emerson, Lowell, Whitman, and the rest of them representing the solid United States that now confronts the world and challenges the admiration of humanity.

Let me bear the testimony of a recent traveler and

fling back the untruthful insinuation that the United States has no friends over in Europe now; that nobody likes the United States. This may be true of the militant leaders of the belligerent countries; but, believe me, the heart of Europe is tender toward the United States. The hopes of Europe, individually and politically, are centered in the United States, and its own faith in the future is obscured only when it looks in vain for the divine leadership of the United States.

The last book to reach my study table came last night. It is called "The Confession of a Hyphenated-American," and it is written by our friend, Edward Steiner of Iowa. He says:

I refuse to be patriotic in the European sense, which means to believe everything bad about other nations and nothing but good about your own, and to hate with desperate hatred the people living yonder, where they have painted another color on the custom house barrier.

If to be an American, a real American, and a patriot, is merely that same thing, then frankly I am neither an American nor a patriot; for, in America, I have been emancipated from the patriotism of hate.

Heaven help us to seek that emancipation! Again he says:

Even as dogs are trained to guard sheep, and to give their lives for them, begin to eat them as soon as they smell their blood, so we feel the passion of primitive man; the moldy odor of the cave is upon us, and we have fallen back several thousand years.

I am not afraid of war, not afraid that house and home, reared in the joy of love and labor, may be destroyed. I am not afraid of dying. I should rather be riddled by bul-

lets than eaten by cancer. I should sooner perish by a submarine than from Bright's disease.

I do fear, frankly fear, killing and destroying. Most of all, I am afraid of demolishing the structure we have reared here; a rare commonwealth, made up of the flotsam and jetsam of the world, which has drifted in through the longer and shorter years. We are a nation, a great nation, a united nation, although composed of the most diverse materials.

I have no objection to preparedness, but I do object to the attending hysteria, which may accomplish the very opposite of what is desired, and weaken rather than strengthen the nation. Guns and battleships can be bought for money, but fidelity and devotion cannot be gained by breeding suspicion of those who happen to have been born in another country.

I plead guilty to being one of those "molly-coddles" and "college-sissies" held up to the ridicule of the populace. I do not believe in war,—not until every resource to settle the difficulty without it has been exhausted.

I do not belive in war, and I am willing to go on record, as Mr. Steiner has, and to say so, as an American. Oh, we can easily pay for more guns and battleships, we can spare men from the constructive walks of life if it be necessary; but more than these things I deplore the fall of our ideals, the disintegration of our faith in principle, the brutalizing of our young men and the making superficial of our young women by leading them away from these great leaders of thought and culture, science and art, to engage in the gruesome work of arming men and trying to save a nation by cannon and bayonet, which never yet, since time began, have given permanent peace to any power

on earth, as every long range student of history knows.

"What is the subject of your address tomorrow?" asked the venerable ex-Prime Minister of Holland, in an interview which he solicited only a few weeks ago, when we were at the Hague. I said, "I call it, '*Above All Nations is Humanity.*' " The old man was silent for a space, as old brains have a right to be deliberate, and then this man of eighty-three years said with great directness, "Why do you not call it 'Above All Nations is God'?" I confess it struck me hard, but I replied, "I think I mean the same thing." "It may mean the same thing to you," said the old man, "but not quite to me." The venerable Hollander probably spoke from the Calvinistic standpoint, certainly from a healthy Calvinistic inheritance, and I took his word from the standpoint given me by the prophets, with whom you are acquainted. But the question was pertinent, whether you speak from the standpoint of Calvin or of Channing, from Bible text or the verdict of science, from Moses or Darwin, above all nations is God, and all nations, like individuals, are amendable to the God of Justice and Right; nations as men are weighed in the balances of the Eternal, which are founded in equity, and the determining figures are written in the signatures of love and justice.

Oh, it is the privilege of the United States, our beloved United States, to become, as Whitman called it, "A nation of nations"; to rejoice in the polyglot quality of its citizenship, to cherish its inheritance of variety, to commit the lesson which I recently gave to our Sunday-school teachers, the message coming

down a thousand years from the first great King of Hungary, when he said that the people of one language and one descent are necessarily weak; that multiplicity of language and variety of descent are necessary in order to make men strong. If King Stephen of Hungary had reason to trust this logic in the tenth century, how much more profound are its readings in the United States in this, the twentieth century of the Christian era.

"Rally 'round the flag, boys, rally once again,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom."

We sang this song in '61 to '65, and we will sing it again, but the flag we will now rally around is not a flag that can be torn by powder and ball, but the banner of free thought, of hospitality, of reason, of courts and laws. And, if need be, in the brave language of Bishop Grier of New York City, I am prepared to say that the cause which might call me to give my life to its establishment may yet call for a nation to ascend its Calvary, for nations, as individuals, may ascend the Mount of Triumph and conquer on the Cross, like the Nazarene.

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